



DOWN IN THE DUTCH ISLANDS

Jim Frolking

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This story is written 55 years after my war time experience. I have tried to relate the facts as best remembered. Every war veteran has a story to tell. These stories are not readily forgotten. I want to thank my wife Patty for her encouragement. Thanks also to Cindy Doe who entered all that follows into her word processor. And a special thank you to our daughter-in-law, Evelyn Hoyt Frolking, who edited the manuscript and formatted it into a readable story.

- James E. Frolking

"That strange feeling we had in the war. Have you found anything in your lives to equal it in strength? A sort of splendid carelessness it was, holding us together."

- Noel Coward

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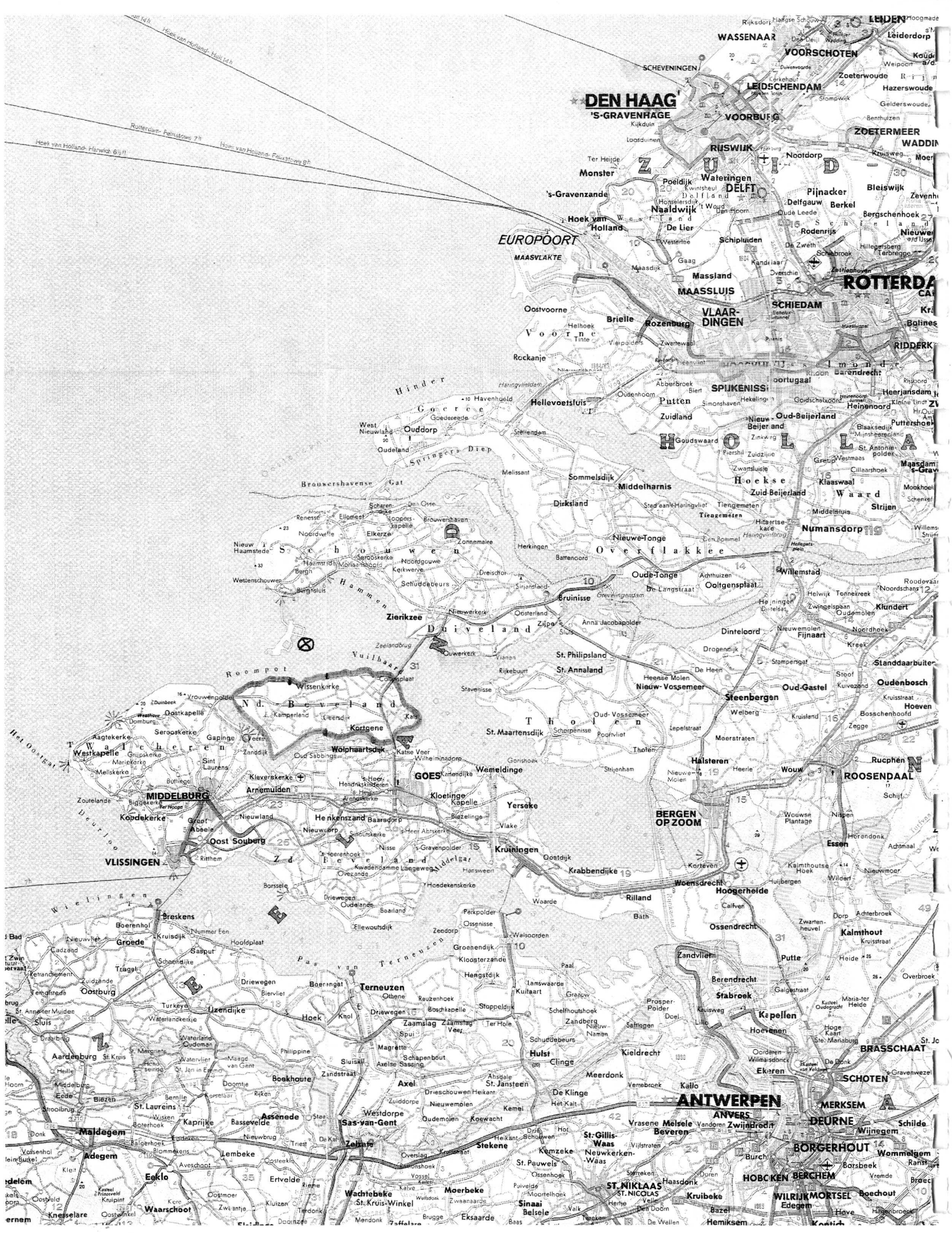
1999

As a twenty-year-old fighter pilot in World War II, I floated to Earth in a parachute over Holland one clear day in October, 1944. Through the valiant effort of the Dutch Underground and a special Dutch family, I was able to evade capture by the Germans. This is my story.



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The large map of western Europe was uncovered during our pre-mission briefing on 7 October, and we learned that our mission was bomber escort to Brux, Czechoslovakia, which is located south and east of Berlin, Germany. It would be the longest mission for the group, in both time and distance, approximately six to seven hours.

This would be the 171st mission for the 479th Fighter Group stationed at Wattisham Airfield in East Anglia near Ipswich, England. We were part of the Mighty Eighth Air Force. The 479th had three squadrons, the 434th, 435th, and 436th. I had been assigned to the 436th Fighter Squadron (we were called the Bison gang and my call sign was Bison 58) in May, 1944, and flew my first combat mission on D-Day 6 June 1944. We were flying P-38 Lockheed Lightnings and primarily flew protective cover over the shipping lanes from southern England to the Normandy beaches of France. We continued these patrols through 15 June.

The day before, I had flown my brand new Mustang on a bomber escort mission to Berlin as wingman to our Group Commander Colonel Hubert "Hub" Zemke. The group had converted its aircraft from the twin-engine P-38 to the single engine P-51 Mustang starting in the late summer of 1944. The 436th was the last squadron to acquire them. Although I loved flying the P-38, the newer P-51 was better suited for the high altitude, long-range missions that were our primary assignments. Colonel Zemke had recently taken command of the 479th shortly after our original Commander Lt. Colonel Kyle Riddle had been shot down by anti-aircraft fire while on a strafing mission in France. I was flying as Colonel Riddle's wingman that "hairy" day, but that's another story. Kyle Riddle survived the crash and eventually returned to the group.

Having survived the six-hour mission to Berlin as Colonel Zemke's wingman, I was feeling pretty good as a seasoned fighter pilot with 51 missions under my belt and about 200 combat hours of flying time. A fighter

pilot's tour of duty consisted of 300 combat hours. Upon completion, he could either sign on for an extended tour, usually with a promotion in rank, or be reassigned in the States after a home leave.

For the Brux mission, we took off at 0915. I was element leader to flight leader Lt. Victor Wolski of Bison Blue Flight (a flight is made up of four planes in two elements of two each; there are four flights in each squadron). As we neared the target area, 30 to 40 ME 109's approached from below us. We immediately gave chase after dropping our external (wing) tanks. The German fighters flew into the cloud cover below and disappeared. The bombers completed their bomb run without incident, other than the usual flak. During the chase of the ME109's, Wolski and I became separated from our respective wingmen and the rest of the squadron. We started our return to England alone. Because of the length of the mission and the jettisoning of our wing tanks, we decided to land at Antwerp, Belgium, to refuel rather than chance running out of fuel over the North Sea. The British forces had advanced into Belgium and the airfield at Antwerp was in British hands. We had been in the air over five hours by the time we reached Antwerp. While our P-51's were being fueled, we checked into flight operations and received clearance to fly on to England. As I entered the cockpit and strapped on my parachute, seat belt, and shoulder harness, I noticed that I had not attached the hooks on the inflatable dinghy. Finally, we taxied to the end of the runway for our engine check. The direction of takeoff would be directly toward the city of Antwerp, which seemed very close to the end of the runway as I looked ahead. At approximately 1630, we started our takeoff run and advanced to full throttle. I was flying on Vic's wing. No sooner had we become airborne and our wheels were retracted, my engine started to cough and sputter. My immediate thought was, "Here I go, right into the city buildings that loom ahead." I reduced throttle slightly and the sputtering stopped. We began a climbing turn and took up a 310 degree heading towards Wattisham, England.

We were flying abreast in a gradual climb. The Dutch Islands lay below. At about 5,000 feet, I noticed light flak tracers right off Vic's tail. I started taking evasive action as I called Vic over the RT (radio telephone) that someone was shooting at us from the ground. He acknowledged but kept flying straight ahead. I then heard and felt a "clunk" noise in the rear of my plane. I checked the instrument panel and saw that the hydraulic pressure gauge was on zero. I would have to manually crank the wheels down to land. In O.T.U. (Operational Training Unit) at Orange County Airport in Santa Ana, California, I'd had that experience of cranking wheels down while flying a P-38. In fact, it happened two days in a row in the same airplane even after the plane's crew chief reported that the hydraulic system had been repaired. That incident came to mind as we continued our climbing attitude. Within a minute or two, my right rudder pedal dropped from beneath my foot and the rudder pedal cable lay limp on the floor of the cockpit. As I held the left pedal steady, I began to wonder how I was going to land this airplane. Next the stick, which controls the ailerons and the elevators, went limp. The plane was trimmed for a slight climb, but I knew it would be only moments before the plane would be out of control. It was time to go.

I radioed Vic that I had been hit and was bailing out. I pulled the canopy release, unbuckled the seat belt, and started to stand up. My oxygen mask hose and radio cord attached to my helmet restricted my attempt to free myself. Time was short, so I just took off my helmet and tossed it aside. Now I could stand. From the seat, I dove headfirst from the right side of the aircraft, pulling the ripcord of my parachute when I had cleared the plane. Since I was wearing a back-pack type parachute which opens faster than the seat-pack type, I neither felt the chute open nor the anticipated jerk we had been told to expect. We had not practiced parachute jumps in training other than jumping off a ten foot platform, for we knew the first jump had to be right. I reached down to make sure the dinghy seat pack was with me - and it was!

The plane went into a spiral dive shortly after I left her, and I watched as my brand new P-51 exploded on impact in the water below. Suddenly it was quiet. Land was visible a few miles to the south. As I floated down, I felt secure, although the leg straps of the parachute harness were tight and uncomfortable. During training, we had been instructed that when landing in water, we should release the leg straps, fold your arms across the chest to prevent the harness from slipping free, and when you are 10 to 20 feet above the water, lift the arms and slide out of the chute into the water. The reasoning was that there was less chance of becoming tangled in the chute's shroud lines if you stayed with the chute. I remember, though, how difficult it was to judge distance while descending over water.

Suddenly, I splashed into the water. While fumbling around in the water, trying to release the chute strap, remove the harness and inflate my "Mae West" life vest, I put my foot down and touched bottom. The water, to my relief, was just chest deep. I unpacked and inflated the dinghy with the CO₂ cartridge and climbed in, much relieved. I had landed on a sand bar. As I looked around, I could then see about 300 yards away that portion of the sand bar that was out of the water. I paddled towards it.

Vic had watched the entire episode from above. He circled the area, buzzed me, and wagged his wings as I waved to him.

The exposed sand bar was about 50 x 120 feet with nine bales of hay bunched together at the high point. Knowing that Vic had radioed our position, I made the decision to stay on the sand bar in the hope that the British Air-Sea Rescue (ASR) would look for me. Fortunately, the weather was clear and mild, the water calm and cool, but not cold. I was unsure of my location, only seeing land to the south possibly two to four miles from the sand bar. My lightweight flight suit over a wool shirt and pants, plus my leather flight jacket and GI boots, suited me well. Luckily, my cigarettes were in my shirt pocket and had remained dry. The Zippo lighter, which had been in my pants pocket, lighted quickly after blowing on it a few times. We

carried an Escape Kit in the leg pocket of our flight suit. The kit, which contained a map, compass, hard candy, razor and blades, Benzedrine tablets, sewing kit, language card, and some French francs, was sealed and dry, but to my dismay, I had no food or water.

As the sun lowered and the tide advanced, I had to make a decision whether to stay put or make a dinghy trip to land. As the tide stopped rising, I decided to remain on the sand bar for the night, still hoping for ASR to appear. By this time, my clothes and boots were practically dry, and the sand bar was now about 25 x 50 feet with the bales of hay still out of the water. It was a starry, moonless night and quite dark. I sat on the sand leaning against a bale of hay, not wanting to fall asleep. I swallowed some Benzedrine tablets and smoked to stay awake. My thoughts turned to home. My mother would be grieving when she received that inevitable telegram from the War Department. I also wondered about my buddies back at the base and what Vic Wolski had reported during his debriefing. I had no idea of his unfortunate episode in the North Sea. (See Vic's debriefing report in the Appendix). It was a lonely night. Time passed slowly.

During the night, a lighted ship approached passing from west to east, and I did something rather stupid. "Could it be an ASR ship," I wondered? Hoping against hope, I shot off a flare (included in the dinghy seat pack). I was standing next to the dinghy and didn't realize the flare had a kick when shot. It popped out of my hand and landed in the center of the dinghy, burning a hole about $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 inches. The ship didn't respond.

At daylight, the whole area was fogged in with visibility no more than 50 yards. With little wind and calm water, all was quiet. The fog lifted at around 1100 hours and it was another beautiful fall day. With the dinghy unusable, I put on the Mae West and waded into the water with my boots tied to the Mae West strap. The water was colder than I remembered from the day before, and as it suddenly deepened, I remembered the sewing kit. Maybe my memory was awakened by the shock of the water and the distance

of the land to the south. I retreated to repair the hole in the dinghy. The sewing job went well. I pumped up the dinghy with the fabric hand pump and launched my boat at about 1300 hours. Although the dinghy kit had a sail, its two-piece horizontal board became my paddles. I was battling the current, which drew me laterally to my intended direction, but the company of a pair of porpoises made the journey interesting enough. The sewing repair job held fast and didn't leak a drop.

As I neared land at 1500 hours, I could see a dike along the shoreline. A solid wooden fence stood at the bottom of the 12 to 15 foot dike. This short stretch of fence provided the perfect place to stash the dinghy and conceal it from someone walking above on the dike. I walked cautiously around the fence and slowly crawled to the top. I looked in both directions along the dike-top road and saw two men in civilian clothes talking to one another about 150 yards to my left. I approached them in a friendly manner, and it was obvious that they knew it was I who had parachuted from the downed plane. We walked a short distance to a small farmhouse, the only building in sight. It was the home of a young couple with an infant. The two men and the couple talked in Dutch, and I soon found myself being escorted up a ladder to a second floor loft. The food and tea to follow was the first I'd had in about 36 hours. Again, realizing my good fortune, I went to sleep.

The next day, 9 October, the same two men from the dike came to see me. We couldn't easily converse, but using the map, I learned I was on the island of Noord (north) Beveland. I had wrongly assumed that I was on the Dutch mainland. Furthermore, the men said that the British forces were on the other side of the island, which I felt certain was not true. According to information we had, the front lines of the allied forces were advancing north in Belgium near the southern border of Holland. I couldn't dispute their claim, and it became obvious that they wanted my stay to be a short one. I understood their reticence and knew that if the Germans or a Dutch collaborator discovered they had helped an allied airman, there could be extreme punishment for the people involved. With the use of the language

card and map from my Escape Kit, we established a limited understanding and enough to know that I would be moving on when it became dark. I thanked them as best I could.

Soon, one of the men led me down a road for about a half mile, advised me to continue on this road, and bid me farewell. It was dark - no stars, no moon, no light. It was difficult just following the road. I passed a few farm-houses and heard an occasional dog bark. I didn't smoke, since the glow of a cigarette can be seen at a great distance in the dark. An artillery battle started, but, fortunately, it was some distance away to the southwest. The fierce shelling continued for about an hour and lighted the sky with each blast. I had not experienced an artillery barrage before and was grateful that it was not closer. We fly-boys fought from a vastly different perspective. I later learned that the artillery battle was on the neighboring island of Walcheren and was part of the Canadian Army's offensive.

At one point, I came to a fork in the road. Being a natural left-hander, I took the left fork. After walking a short distance, I came upon a dike with a barricade across the road and a sign reading "*verboden*". I turned around and headed back to the right fork, eventually coming upon a village. An unattended guard-house marked the entrance. We had been advised never to enter a town or village at night, so I retraced my steps about a half mile until I came to a group of houses. Across the road from one house was a hay wagon. I crawled under, covered myself with hay, and went soundly to sleep. The hike across the island had been a quiet one and I felt safe enough now to rest. In the morning, I would approach the house across the road and ask for help. I could not continue to wander for long on my own.

At early daylight, I was awakened with a start and sensed that someone was nearby. A horse, it turned out, was at the fence next to the hay wagon and whinnied. Shortly, he wandered off into the pasture. When I was sure no one was in the area, I walked across the road, up the driveway, and around to the back door of the house. I knocked on the door, and after a few

moments the door was opened by a young boy. I showed him the Dutch phrase on the language card that stated, "*I am an American pilot.*" He was obviously confused, turned around and left with the door remaining partially open. A few minutes later the boy's father, shaving cream coating his face, came to the door. I showed him the language card. He looked me over, and with very little hesitation, invited me into the house. His wife was preparing the morning meal for the family. They took me upstairs to a small second floor bedroom, and I understood I was to stay in the room with the door closed. Eventually, food and drink were brought to me. They provided a towel and washcloth, and I shaved, washed, and felt somewhat presentable. So far, so good. I rested and waited.

Later that morning, a different man came into the room and handed me a sheet of paper typewritten in English. I learned that contact had been made with the "Dutch Underground," and I should not worry because they had helped many allied airmen. It further outlined what their plan was: At dusk, this man and I would be taking a bicycle ride and I was not to speak to anyone. I would be provided with civilian clothes; this family would dispose of my military clothing. I did keep my GI boots. I was not to carry identification papers. I had none except my "dog tags," which I would never surrender, nor was I to carry a weapon of any kind, which I didn't have. Also, they wanted the photos of me in civilian clothes that were in my Escape Kit. All pilots and airmen carried such photos to be used to produce bogus I.D. cards if necessary. He also made a print of my right index finger.

The man, who said he was a carpenter, arrived on schedule with my new outfit: shirt, pants, white turtleneck sweater, short wool coat, and cap. I thanked the family and off we rode. I had not seen the boy since he answered the door that morning. I don't know where he was, but adults, being rightfully concerned that children will talk about an incident such as this, made his absence easily understood. We rode quietly for about an hour and only passed a few other people whom the man acknowledged. This was farm country. If there were other villages, we avoided them. We eventually

came to a farm, in the village of Kats, with a nice house and two large barns, and went to the back entrance of the house. I was motioned to wait by a tree while the man went inside. It seemed a long wait, probably no more than a few minutes, before a nicely dressed young man came out of the house and greeted me in English. What a pleasant surprise. His name was Willem de Vor. He was a policeman and active with the Dutch Underground. He told me that I would be staying here for the time being. It was the farm of Izak and Marie van der Maas and their five year old son, Huib (pronounced Hibe). I was invited into the van der Maas home and met Izak and Marie. Son Huib was already in bed. My arrival was timed to follow Huib's bedtime. Marie served tea and some pastry while we became acquainted.

The van der Maas home had a large open kitchen, living room, and two bedrooms on the first floor. The living room was not being used so as to conserve heat and electricity. There was a bathroom between the bedrooms and a lavatory adjacent to the rear entrance to the kitchen. The second floor was accessed by a stair/ladder, something I had not seen before. There was a bedroom with a skylight, but no windows, and a storeroom. The bedroom was for me, and in the storeroom a hiding place had been constructed behind a removable wall panel. Fortunately, I never had to use the hideaway.

The daily routine was explained. I would remain in my bedroom until after dark and when young Huib was asleep, I was allowed downstairs to be with Marie and Izak, given my evening meal, and permitted a trip to the bathroom. "Wim" de Vor visited most evenings and since he spoke fluent English, we were able to converse. Naturally we talked about the war and conditions in Holland both before the war and currently. They wanted to learn of my flying experiences and all I could tell them of America. Most evenings the area was without electricity so it was spent in candlelight. There was electricity during the day and I don't recall the reason it was turned off. Occasionally, the electric power was on during the evening, and we would listen to BBC radio and find out how the war was progressing. These evening gatherings were very comforting and I felt relaxed. During the

days in my windowless second floor room, and knowing that I was in enemy territory, tension would build with every sound from the outside or even in the house. When Marie climbed to the second floor with my meals twice a day and again when I was told it was clear to come downstairs in the evening, I was never sure who was approaching my room.

It had been decided that since the Allies were currently in Belgium and moving north into Holland, it would be safer for everyone if I were to remain hidden until such time that the Allies were close enough to make contact. The isolation of the island may have complicated the situation.

Izak and Marie were prepared to help downed allied airmen. I wasn't the first to receive their hospitality. But naturally, for security reasons, there were no discussions of others whom they had helped evade the Germans. A few days after I had arrived at the van der Maas farm, Wim handed me a photo ID card, that required my signature. I was now Nico van der Maas, a cousin of Izak and Marie. I had been given the birth date of 18 September 1920; born in Zaamslag, Zeeland, and since 6 September 1944 had been living at the Annapolder (van der Maas farm) in Kats. I was "*doofstom*" (deaf and dumb) and by occupation, a baker. The ID was very authentic, complete with one of the photos I had given the carpenter about a week before. The island had little strategic value to the Germans, making it safer than usual. I hoped I would encounter few, if any, Germans.

Marie van der Maas had scheduled some house cleaners to come in weeks before my arrival on the scene. This was a regular occurrence a few times each year, and she did not want to disrupt the schedule which might create some suspicion. I would have to move temporarily to another location. Izak's father and mother lived in the neighboring village of Kortgene. Wim and Izak escorted me there one evening without incident. The elder van der Maas was a kindly old gentleman with white hair and goatee and ubiquitous curled pipe. From the second floor room where I stayed I could watch, from behind typical Dutch lace curtains, German soldiers walking along the road

about 50 feet from the house. They were the first I had seen. Five days later, I returned to the farm.

Isolation made the days long. The morning and noon meals were brought to me by Marie with a smile and a greeting, but no more. I was grateful for the comfort and care. I would spend all day reading the English language books that Marie provided, thankful for this pastime. I did calisthenics daily and would move from chair to bed to read. I read nine books; however, the only one I can now remember was *Main Street* by Sinclair Lewis.

Meanwhile, the German troops were being pushed north and east by Canadian and British troops, then evacuating themselves across Noord Beveland to the island of Schouwen and on to the mainland. A few times during the day, when little Huib was out of the house with his father, I would come downstairs and stand behind a lace curtained window and watch the German soldiers resting in the yard between the house and the barns. They would fill their canteens with water from the well. They didn't appear to be crack troops but more like young boys and weary old men. Seeing this activity, I figured it wouldn't be long before the Allies reached this island of Noord Beveland.

The main product of the van der Maas farm was potatoes, so boiled potatoes were served twice a day along with apples, cooked, sliced and otherwise. Marie made a delicious paper-thin pancake (called a *pannekoeken*) that was spread with jam then rolled and cut in bit-sized pieces. We had an occasional piece of meat and more often, fish. Tea was plentiful, but no milk, which I really missed.

Late one evening after dinner, while I was in the bathroom, there was a knock on the back door. (The bathroom was off the small back entrance hallway.) For this eventuality, Wim and Izak had established a signal word that meant to leave the bathroom immediately and head for my second floor

room as quickly and quietly as I could. I heard the knock, readied myself, and waited. Wim and Izak went to the door, opened it, and saw three German Army officers. Izak moved outside, closing the door behind him, as Wim opened the bathroom door and gave me the signal. It didn't take me more than a few seconds to get to my room. The Germans were not looking for anyone; they were merely wanting a place to sleep for the night. As officers, I suppose they used their privilege to sleep anywhere they wanted. They were put in the spare bedroom on the first floor -- directly beneath my room. I could easily hear their voices before they went to sleep and again in the morning before they left. I slept little that night. I just lay motionless on my back until Marie arrived with breakfast and I knew that the Germans had departed.

Within a day or two, and with no advance notice, I was taken to a nearby boat dock where two men rowed me across the causeway to the island of Zuid (South) Beveland. I was directed by them toward a small village nearby. It is there that I made contact with a Canadian Army Reconnaissance Team (Royal Canadian Dragoons). I was standing along the side of a road in this village when they drove up and stopped. As I introduced myself, the first comment by the Canadian trooper was, "We find you guys in the oddest places!" This all happened so fast that I did not get the chance to thank or say goodbye to Marie and Izak, and being daytime, Wim de Vor was not around. I wanted to return to Noord Beveland, but the Canadians would not allow it, since they had not yet liberated that island, and there was the possibility of a few Germans lingering in the area.

I spent the day with the Dragoons as they moved around the island, primarily looking for "*quislings*" (those who collaborated with the Germans). We searched a small cabin cruiser of a suspected quisling and found a Nazi flag which the Canadians kept as evidence and a .25 caliber automatic pistol, which they gave to me as a souvenir. That evening I was driven by truck to Antwerp, Belgium, where I was interrogated for about three days by Canadian Intelligence officers and given a thorough physical exam. I had

complained of itching in the abdomen and groin area, and it was found that I had contracted scabies during my stay on Noord Beveland. The treatment was soaking for hours in a bathtub filled with a purple liquid. It did wash off.

The interrogating officer also facilitated the sending of a cablegram to my mother to let her know that I was safe and uninjured. I was required to sign a document prohibiting me from discussing the details of my evasion experiences with anyone. This was done to protect the van der Maas family and all the others who had provided help. I was issued a Canadian uniform with no insignia, given a few Belgian francs, and was permitted to leave the compound for a night on the town. I first went to the officer's club for a drink and was eyed suspiciously because I had neither insignia nor rank on my uniform, but actually no one asked who I was. In town, I went to a Marx Brothers movie with French subtitles and afterwards to a nightclub, where I had something to eat and even danced with an attractive young lady. The next day I was driven by car to a Brussels airfield and flown to Paris, where I spent the night in a small hotel in the city; and then off to London the following morning by C-47 transport. My squadron was notified that I was back in the U.K., and Ed Fillipow, my best army buddy and roommate, flew to London to bring me a uniform to wear. Unfortunately, we missed connections, and I returned to Wattisham Airfield by train, as an unidentified Canadian soldier.

Because I was classified as an "evadee," my tour of duty in the ETO (European Theatre of Operations) was over, and I was reassigned to the States. I had completed 204 hours of the required 300 combat hour tour. I flew back to the States in a C-54 military transport on Thanksgiving Day, 1944, and had two turkey dinners, one in Iceland, where I met a high school classmate, a B-17 pilot who was on his way to England to start his tour. The second dinner was served in Goose Bay, Labrador, before landing in Washington, D.C. We were welcomed at the Red Cross snack counter with fresh milk, the first I'd had since leaving the States seven months ago.

Post War

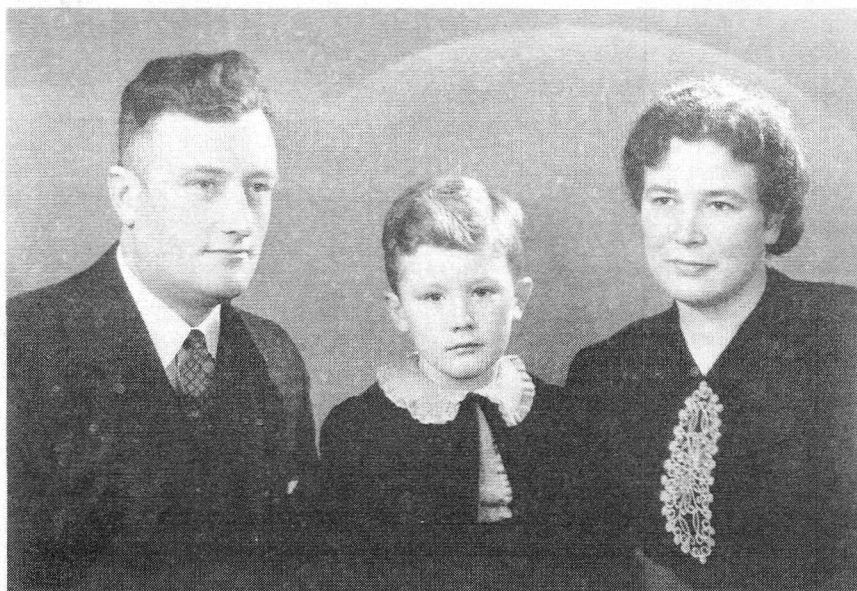
In September 1945, I was separated from the Service, but remained in the Army Air Corps Reserves. Typical of most veterans, I attended college on the GI Bill, married Patty Lou Schoonover in 1948, and along with rearing a family, began a career in the banking and savings and loan business. In the fall of 1960, we had a surprise visit by Huib van der Maas, the young son of Izak and Marie. Huib, now a handsome 21 year old young man, was in the United States as part of a 4-H Club program. He had been studying farming in the Midwest for a few months and was now on his way back to the Netherlands. I had never met Huib or even seen him back in October, 1944, so his visit was a special treat. He spoke English beautifully and had an engaging personality. We asked if he would visit the elementary school that our three sons attended. Not only did he talk in the classrooms, but the school called a special all-student assembly where Huib spoke of his family and farm in Noord Beveland and of his experiences during his visit to America. Our contact with the van der Maas family after the War had been numerous letters, Christmas cards, and occasional family photos.

In 1987, Patty and I had the opportunity to visit the Netherlands with the express purpose of seeing the van der Maas family. Unfortunately, Izak had died in 1978. My first meeting with Marie was a wonderfully emotional moment. Our visit was especially nice with Huib as the interpreter. Marie and Izak had moved from the farm and had built a charming home in the nearby village of Kortgene. They had another son after the War. Kees (pronounced Case) and his family now live in the house where I stayed 43 years before. We located the approximate area where I had come ashore in my dinghy. The dikes had all been rebuilt much larger and higher following a devastating flood during the winter of 1952-53. We also visited the van Hee home, in the village of Kamperland, where I first made contact with the Dutch Underground. Mrs. Van Hee and son, Makail, now in his 50's, still lived there and had vivid memories of the incident. Mr. van Hee who came to the door with shaving cream on his face had passed away. I also learned that Wim de

Vor had emigrated to Canada following the War and died a few years ago. We were hosted by Huib van der Maas and his charming wife, Betsy. They have a son, Jacco, and daughter, Susian, both now in their late 20's or early 30's. The van der Maases are a prominent Dutch farming family going back a number of generations. The farm is about 400 acres, a large farm today in the Netherlands.

After the War, Marie van der Maas received a national commendation from the Queen of the Netherlands for her efforts in sheltering allied airmen. She and Izak had helped a number of men during the course of the War. I think of Marie often and consider it a privilege to stay in touch with her and her son Huib, and in some small measure, express my gratitude to this loving and wonderfully unselfish family. They shall always be in my heart.

A P P E N D I X



Izak, Huib and Marie van der Maas - 1944



Marie van der Maas - 1986

July, 1987

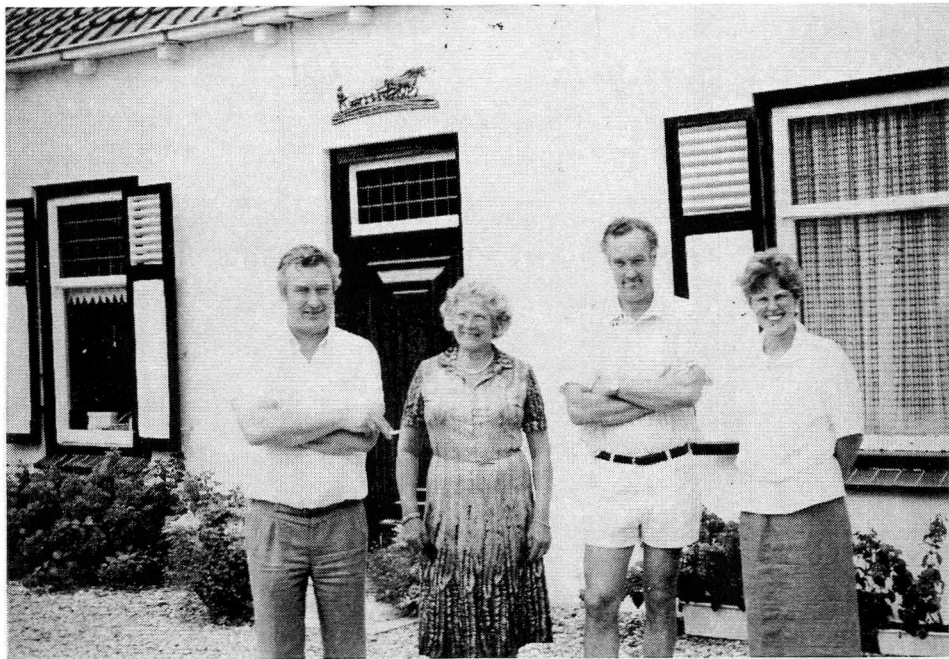


Marie and Jim - an emotional reunion
after forty three years



Annapolder - van der Maas farm

July, 1987



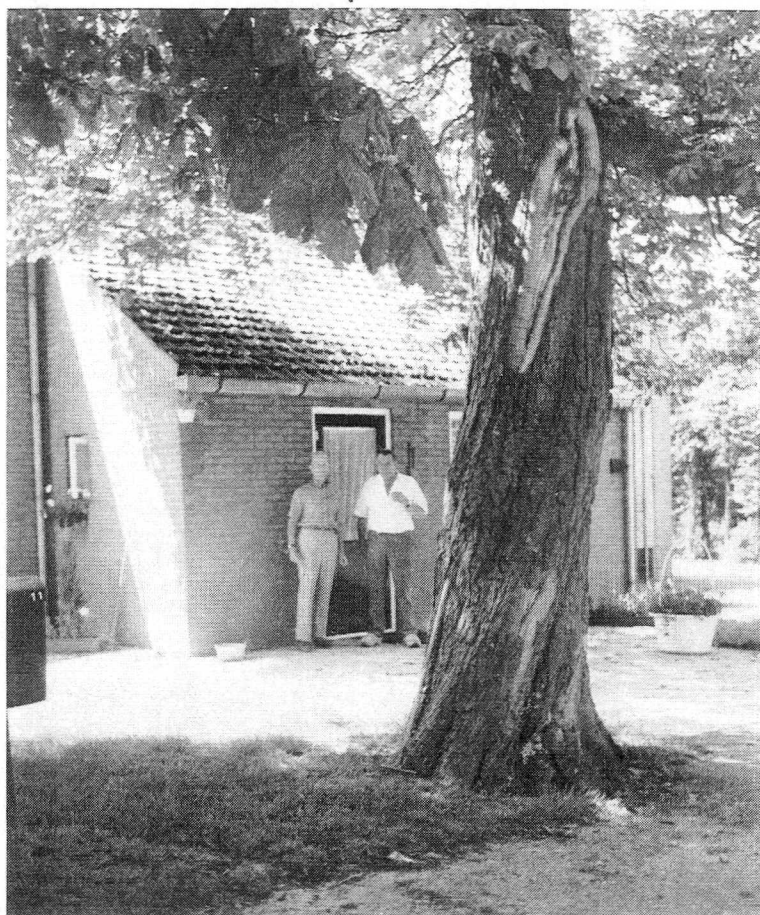
Huib, Marie, Kees and Lizbeth van der Maas
In front of home where I stayed in 1944



Marie, Patty, Jim and Huib - on dike in
approximate location where I came
ashore on 8 October 1944

July, 1987

C22)



Jim and Mikail - at back door of van Hee home where contact was made with Dutch Underground



Jim and Mikail van Hee



LT. J. E. FROLKING

171st Mission

7 October 1944

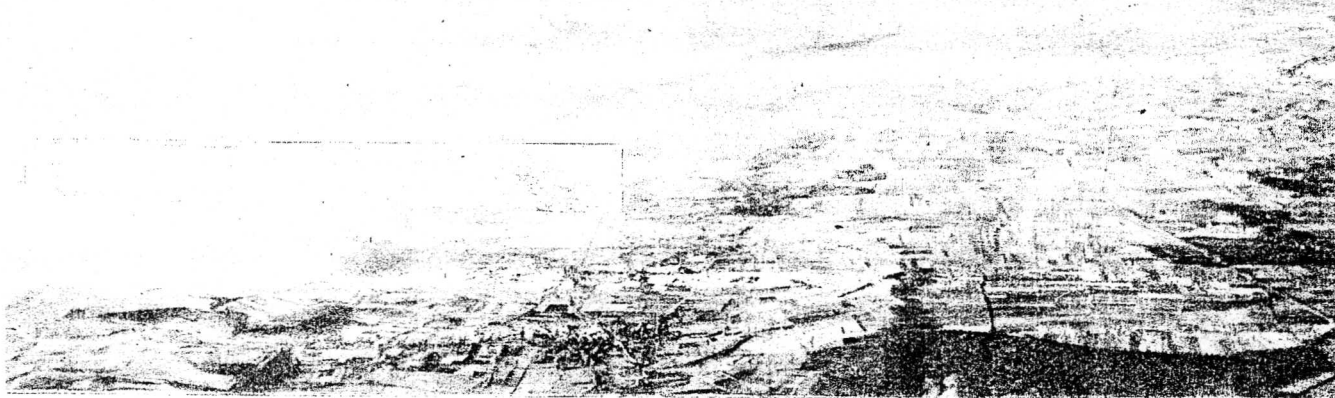
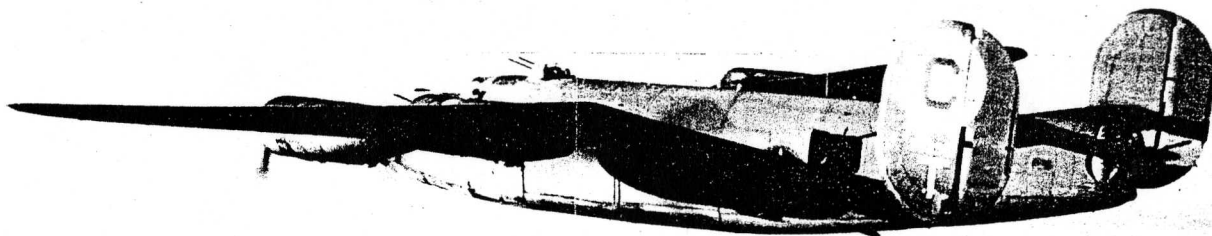
Quote:

COL. ZEMKE leading 49 P-51's up 0915 down 1528 . . . Lts. Victor Wolski and James E. Frolking, 436th Squadron not yet returned (Lt. Frolking believed in channel) . . . Claims 2-0-0 air, 0-0-1 loco. . . landfall in 1015 Alkmaar, Bergen, Egmond. Colgate reported bombers five minutes late at L/F in . . . Past Nordhausen, as group leader was moving up to front of column for second time, gaggle of 30-40 Me 109's was seen to be approaching from the north at fast speed. E/A attacked in mass from 6-7 o'clock and then split-essed to left and down. One Me 109, followed by Major Jeffrey from 26,000 to 1,000, shot down.

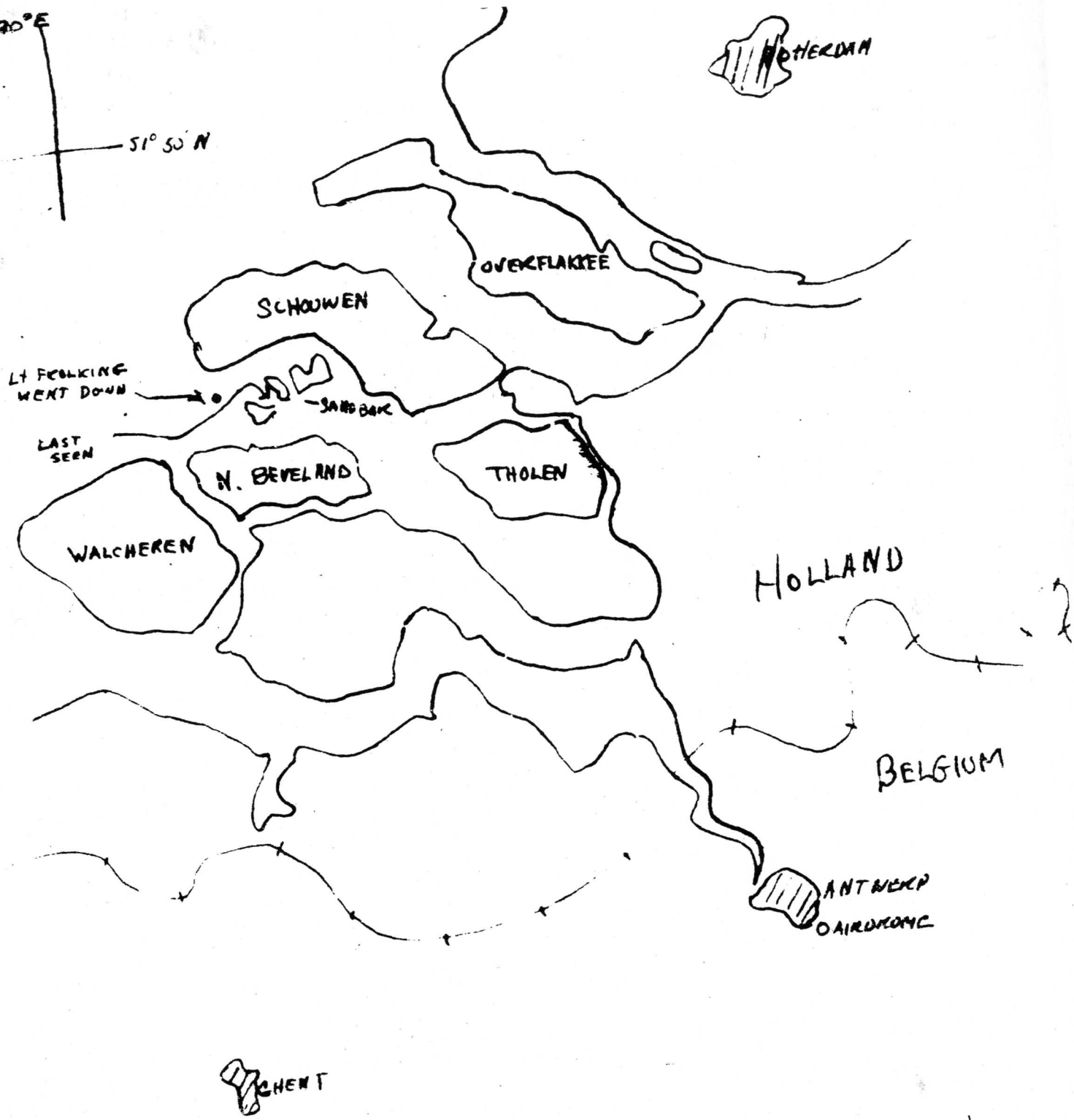
Left wing of Me 109 who fought with Col. Zemke and Lt. Benoit, broke off in dive at 520 mph, 10,000 feet, as group leader closed in.

Unquote.

To date, this is the longest mission the group has been on, both in time and distance. The average flying time for pilots was somewhere in the neighborhood of six hours. While the deepest point of penetration was at Brux, Czechoslovakia, south and slightly east of Berlin. Lt. Wolski returned home in a few days, but Lt. Frolking didn't come back until 4 November. It seems that after hitting the water, he tried desperately to get his dinghy inflated and himself aboard. Finally, he let himself sink into the water and found the bottom just about three feet below his belt. After "vacationing" on one of the Dutch Islands, he made it home OK.



Page from 479th Fighter Group history book



James E. Frolking

First Lieutenant James E. Frolking, 20-year-old fighter pilot, has been missing in the European theater since October 7, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Needs, 2321 S. Overlook Rd., Cleveland Heights, said today.

Holder of the Air Medal, the pilot had recently been promoted from second lieutenant at his English Eighth Air Force station. An alumnus of Cleveland Heights High School, Lieutenant Frolking was employed by Ball Cooms & Co. before he entered the Air Force. He received his wings in November, 1943, at Williams Field, Ariz.



CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION^{203P.}

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

1201

SYMBOLS

DL=Day Letter

NL=Night Letter

LC=Deferred Cable

NLT=Cable Night Letter

Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

HY24 44 GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC OCT 26 1400 1944 OCT 26 PM 2 17

MRS FLORENCE C NEEDS=

DLR 2321 SOUTH OVERLOOK RD CLEVELAND HEIGHTS=

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET
THAT YOUR SON FIRST LIEUTENANT JAMES E FROLKING HAS BEEN
REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION SINCE SEVEN OCTOBER IN EUROPEAN
AREA IF FURTHER DETAILS OR OTHER INFORMATION ARE RECEIVED
YOU WILL BE PROMPTLY NOTIFIED=

J A UL10 THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

IN REPLY REFER TO:

AG 201 Frokling, James E.
PC-N ET0222

30 October 1944

Mrs. Florence C. Needs
2321 South Overlook Road
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Dear Mrs. Needs:

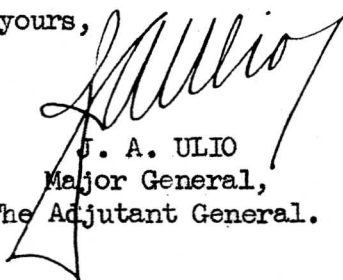
This letter is to confirm my recent telegram in which you were regretfully informed that your son, First Lieutenant James E. Frokling, 0757975, Air Corps, has been reported missing in action over the European Area since 7 October 1944.

I know that added distress is caused by failure to receive more information or details. Therefore, I wish to assure you that at any time additional information is received it will be transmitted to you without delay, and, if in the meantime no additional information is received, I will again communicate with you at the expiration of three months. Also, it is the policy of the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces upon receipt of the "Missing Air Crew Report" to convey to you any details that might be contained in that report.

The term "missing in action" is used only to indicate that the whereabouts or status of an individual is not immediately known. It is not intended to convey the impression that the case is closed. I wish to emphasize that every effort is exerted continuously to clear up the status of our personnel. Under war conditions this is a difficult task as you must readily realize. Experience has shown that many persons reported missing in action are subsequently reported as prisoners of war, but as this information is furnished by countries with which we are at war, the War Department is helpless to expedite such reports. However, in order to relieve financial worry, Congress has enacted legislation which continues in force the pay, allowances and allotments to dependents of personnel being carried in a missing status.

Permit me to extend to you my heartfelt sympathy during this period of uncertainty.

Sincerely yours,


J. A. ULLO
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

(27)

436TH FIGHTER SQUADRON
AAF STATION F-377
A.P.C. 558 U.S. ARMY

10 October 1944

S T A T E M E N T

On October 7, 1944, I was leading Bison Blue Flight on a mission with Lt Froelking as my element leader when Lt Froelking and myself ran low on gas after we had escorted the bombers to the target.

We dispatched ourselves from the squadron and headed for home by way of Brussels, Belgium, where we might refuel since we were low on gas. Since our gas reserve was too low to continue, we set down at an emergency airdrome at Antwerp, Belgium at 1510, refueled and took off at approximately 1630.

While passing over the Dutch Islands, proceeding on a course home, Lt Froelking called on P/T, informing me that his plane was not handling properly and requested that I take a check, noting that his tail wheel was down.

He then gave a more definite description of his trouble when he told me he had no rudder control. His ship then performed a violent peel-up with Lt Froelking bailing out at approximately 5000'. His chute opened at once and he hit the water midway between the Eastern ends of Schouwen and N. Beveland Islands. He immediately inflated his dinghy and climbed into it, while I notified Air Sea Rescue.

I then climbed to 12,000' and got a fix on my position. I hovered over his position until 1900, after having been notified by P/T that planes were coming to relieve me. During the time I was patrolling the area Lt Froelking was located I buzzed him and he in turn acknowledged by waving. After he hit the water and inflated his dinghy a current carried him East approximately 1000 yards during the time I was patrolling. In this I am not positive, as it is reasonable to believe the pilot may have steered himself in that direction hoping to make a rock which was located in mid-channel between the above two named islands.

I set course for home and my own plane conked out, possibly due to A/A which had fired upon me while patrolling, and I was compelled to bail out at 1912.

Victor Wolski
VICTOR WOLSKI, O-758142,
1st Lieutenant, Air Corps.

- A. 436th Fighter Squadron Capt Moore Ldg.
- B. A/C Up 6 Time Up 1700 Time Down 2000
- C. FB 2
- D. AIR Sea Rescue Mission
- E through H Nil
- I. Narrative

When first notified of a man in ocean a flight was organized to go out but ASR said there was no need for one.

Some time later ASR called for a relief ship to take Lt Wolski's place. Capt Moore and Lt Spencer were dispatched about 1730. Lt Spencer having to turn back, Moore went on out to a position between Walcheren and Schouwen Islands. It was

dark by the time Moore arrived and he and Wolski were unable to join. Wolski said he had only 30 gal of gas left and headed home. Soon after he said he had to bail out and at that time he was on a heading for home. Moore got a fix on his position, believed to be near Wolski and dropped to 5000 and came home on the same path as Wolski but due to darkness could not see the water. He then returned home.

Meanwhile, Lt Huycke had been in the tower. At 1700 he called ASR for permission to send relief ships out but permission was refused. At 1725 ASR called and asked for 2 relief planes and 4 for escort. Lts Huycke, Strubv and Grasshoff took off at 1735 and the first two left 5 minutes earlier. Lt Huycke flew directly to Bradwed and upon arrival was told to go to Marttlesham Heath. There he made rendezvous with Wimpv and Lt Strubv. They escorted to L/F in and were instructed to return home.

Number 2

8 Oct 1944

Air Sea Rescue Mission

- A. 436th FS Capt. Moore leading.
- B. A/C up 6 T/U 1st Section 1415. 2nd Section 1510 T/D-1735
- C. Nil. D. Air-Sea Rescue Mission E thru H. Nil.
- D. Narrative; Secured area, Blankenberg to The Hague, inlet between Walcheren and Schouwen IS., from 1500 hrs.-1650 hrs (1st Section) 1545 hrs to 1650 hrs. (2nd Section) R/T heard; P-47's orbiting dinghy. P-47's were low on gas. Walrus and launch on way to effect rescue. Lt. Wolski picked up by ASR launch with "Seagull" call letters

Andre E. Huycke
 ANDRE E. HUYCKE,
 1st Lieut., Air Corps,
 Asst. Operations Officer.

Air Sea Rescue Mission Report

HEADQUARTERS
479TH FIGHTER GROUP
A.P.O. 558 U.S. ARMY

OFFICE OF THE CHAPLAIN.

10 October 1944.

Mrs. Florence C. Needs
2321 South Overlook Road
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Dear Mrs. Needs:

It is with the tenderest feeling of sympathy and understanding that I write to you concerning your son 1st Lt. James E. Frolking ASN O-757975 who is missing in action. By regulation I am the only person permitted to write and therefore I speak not only for myself but also for the 436th Fighter Squadron; the 479th Fighter Group; and pursuant to the request of the Commanding General, Eighth Air Force.

In the period of his service with our Group Lt. Frolking had made a fine place for himself. He was well liked by the men and had gained the respect of his fellow officers. He had those qualities which caused us to admire him and his work.

That mere words do not suffice in such a time as this we know very well. Our prayers and our thoughts therefore attend you daily. We would urge that you turn to God as a source of strength and solace. The Psalmist has called Him 'a refuge and strength' and it is our hope that He shall be just that for you. Though His ways may sometimes be past our understanding we can trust in Him implicitly for our everlasting good.

Your son's close friends send their respects to you in a special way. All join me in the prayer that God shall bless and keep you.

Very sincerely,

Thomas R. Brown

THOMAS R. BROWN, Capt.
Chaplain, U. S. Army.

TRB/wdv

Classified

RESTRICTED

9271

by E. A. BRADONAS, Lt. Col., AG
by V. M. MURKIN, Capt., AG
Data

WAR DEPARTMENT
HEADQUARTERS ARMY AIR FORCES
WASHINGTON

MISSING AIR CREW REPORT

IMPORTANT: THIS REPORT WILL BE SUBMITTED IN TRIPPLICATE BY EACH ARMY AIR FORCES ORGANIZATION WITHIN 48 HOURS OF THE TIME AN AIR CREW MEMBER IS OFFICIALLY REPORTED MISSING.

1. ORGANIZATION: Location, by name Sta. F-377; Command or Air Force VIII EC
Group 479th F.; Squadron 436th F.; Detachment
2. SPECIFY: Place of Departure Sta. F-377; Course 107 degrees to Brux, Ger
Target or Intended Destination Brux; Type of Mission Ramrod
3. WEATHER CONDITIONS AND VISIBILITY AT TIME OF CRASH OR WHEN LAST REPORTED:
Fair visibility with slight haze up to 10,000' & local rains in area.
4. GIVE: (a) DAY 7 Month Oct Year 1944; Time 1630 and Location Mid-Channel N.
of last known whereabouts of missing aircraft. /to 1645. Wissekereke & N.
(b) Specify whether aircraft was last sighted (X); Last contacted by Bevelan
radio (); Forced down (); Soon to crash (); or Information not available ().
5. AIRCRAFT WAS LOST, OR IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN LOST, AS A RESULT OF: (Check
only one) Enemy Aircraft (); Enemy Anti-Aircraft (X); Other Circumstances
as follows: A/C was fired upon by A/A - Pilot called on R.T. and said he had
no rudder control - A/C did sharp nose-up when pilot bailed out.
6. AIRCRAFT: TYPE, MODEL AND SERIES P-51D-10; AAF Serial No. 44-14577
7. NICKNAME OF AIRCRAFT, if any None
8. ENGINES: Type, Model and Series V-1650-7; AAF Serial
Number (a) V-224391 (b)
9. INSTALLED WEAPONS (Furnish below Make, Type and Serial Number);
50 Cal. a. 1246246 (F) b. 1315546 (BA) c. 1315321 (BA) d.
Frigidaire e. 1315662 (BA) f. 1315339 (BA) g. 1246079 (F) h.
& Buffalo
10. THE PERSONS LISTED BELOW WERE REPORTED AS: (a) Battle Casualty X
or (b) Non Battle Casualty
11. NUMBER OF PERSONS ABOARD AIRCRAFT; Crew 1 Passengers 0; Total 1

1. Crew Position	Name in full (Last Name First)	Rank	Serial Number	Current Status
1. PILOT.	FROCKING, JAMES E.	1st Lt.	O-757975	MIA
12. IDENTIFY BELOW THOSE PERSONS WHO ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE LAST KNOWLEDGE OF AIR-
CRAFT, AND CHECK APPROPRIATE COLUMN TO INDICATE BASIS FOR SAME:

Name in Full (Last Name First)	Rank	Serial Number	By Radio	Check only one Column		
				Contacted Sighted	Saw Crash	Forced Landing
1. POLSKI, VICTOR	1st Lt	O-758142		X		
2.						

Missing Air Crew Report No. 9271

130

CONFIDENTIAL

13. IF PERSONNEL ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE SURVIVED, ANSWER YES OR NO TO ONE OF THE FOLLOWING STATEMENTS: (a) Parachutes were used YES; (b) Persons were soon walking away from scene of crash YES; or (c) Any other reason (Specify) Pilot was seen waving from dinghy - 3 miles from Schouwen & N. Beveland Islands.
14. ATTACH AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH, MAP, CHART, OR SKETCH, SHOWING APPROXIMATE LOCATION WHERE AIRCRAFT WAS LAST SEEN OR HEARD FROM.
15. ATTACH EYEWITNESS DESCRIPTION OF CRASH, FORCED LANDING, OR OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES PERTAINING TO MISSING AIRCRAFT.
16. GIVE NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER OF OFFICER IN CHARGE OF SEARCH, IF ANY, INCLUDING DESCRIPTION AND EXTENT Capt. David E. Farr, C-574562, Controller, ASP, Saffron Walden. Made search with Walrus, Warwick, P-47 and Spitfire type aircraft 7-8-9 October 1944, searching area from Ostend to Schouwen Islands, as well as two ASP missions originating from 436th F Sq as per attachment.

Date of Report 10 October 1944

Jules D. Biscaya

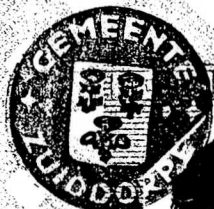
(Signature of Reporting Officer)
JULES D. BISCAYA,
Major, Air Corps,
Operations Officer.

17. REMARKS OR EYEWITNESS STATEMENTS:

Having landed at Antwerp A/D due to a shortage of gas, Lts Frolking and Wolski proceeded on course home, taking off at 1615. Lt Frolking called on P/T complaining that the ship did not handle properly and asked Lt Wolski to check. The tail wheel was found to be down and Lt Frolking further said that he had no rudder control. Immediately thereafter, the ship did a violent wheel-up and he bailed out at 5000'. The chute opened at once. The pilot landed in the water, inflated dinghy and climbed into it. This was near a sandbar in the channel between Schouwen and N. Beveland Islands. The current was flowing East. Lt Wolski went to 12,000' to get a fix, remained until short of gas. He left at 1900, having been assured that rescue craft was on the way. Lt Frolking was apparently uninjured, as he waved each time Lt Wolski buzzed his position.



N. van der Maas



PERSOONSBEWIJS

TEVENS BEWIJS VAN OPNEEMING IN HET BEVOLKINGSREGISTER

De tot het bezit van dit bewijs gerechtigde is verplicht het te allen tijde bij zich te dragen en desgevorderd te vertoonen aan iederen opsporingsambtenaar, alsmede aan alle ambtenaren of andere personen, door wie zulks ingevolge eenig wettelijk voorschrift wordt verlangd.

Geldig gedurende vijf jaren

MISBRUIK WORDT GESTRAFT

Z 23 / № 000753

van der Maas--

Nico--

18 September 1920

Zaamslag Z

Banketbakker

11 Juli 1941
ZUIDDORPE

Handwritten signature

Z 23 / № 000753

Nieuweweg A 60

GEVACUEERD:

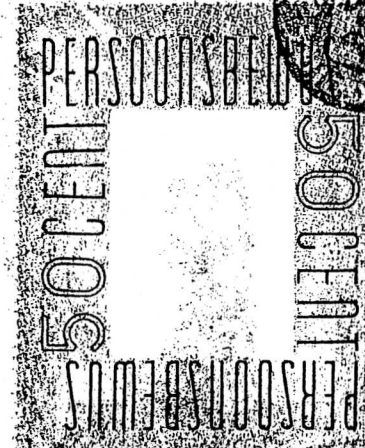
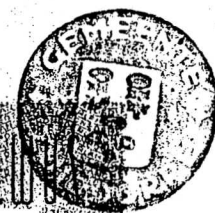
6-9-1944 Annapolder te
Aats gemeente Kortgene

Z 23 / № 000753

Handwritten mark

XXXX
doofstom

~~XXXX~~



SECRET

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

REPORT FOR THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
and QUESTIONNAIRE FOR I.S. 9 (WEA) PERSONNEL

11-4-44
(Date)

FROLKING, JAMES E. 1st Lt. O-252975
(Name) (Rank) (ASN)

CHEMNITZ 51
(Target) (Number of missions)

Date Missing in Action: 10-7-44

Returned to UK: 11-3-44

436TH FT. SQ. 479TH FT. GR.
(Unit)

MEMBERS OF CREW: (List names by positions and indicate what happened to each one)

PILOT JAMES E. FROLKING

Date, time and approximate location of plane crash or landing. 10-7-44 N. BEVELAND - WATER BETWEEN
SCHOUWEN ISLAND
Nature and extent of damage to plane when source bailed out. Was it on fire, etc?

CONTROL CABLES IN TAIL SHOT AWAY - NOT ON FIRE

At approximately what altitude did source bail out? 4000 FT.

Were any of the crew injured or killed before the plane crashed? NO

What members of the crew bailed out? Did their parachutes open? NONE

Did the plane explode on striking the ground? WATER YES

Did source see any other members of the crew dead or alive after reaching the ground?

NO CREW

NONE

Did he receive any information from others as to whether any other members of the crew were dead or alive? If so, give details furnished by his informant and whether the other crew members were identified by name or otherwise.

NO CREW

(over)

Did source examine the wreckage of the plane? If so, what was its condition?

No

If the plane crashed in water how far was the plane from land and by what means was source rescued and what life rafts, wreckage, etc., remained on the surface that would have assisted other personnel to keep afloat.

1 MILE FROM LAND - BAILED OUT - USED DINGY

What is source's opinion as to the fate of the other crew members and his reason for his opinion?

NO CREW

Were you wounded?

No

Were you in German hands?

No

Did you kill any Germans in escaping?

No

Have you previously given the names of your helpers?

YES

List any names previously omitted, showing what help was given.

NONE

What security briefing were you given?

What souvenirs do you still possess?

FOREIGN MONEY

Home address.

2321 SO. OVERLOOK RD. CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO

List names of American or British personnel believed to have been arrested by Germans.

NONE

List names of American or British personnel believed to be evading.

NONE

2614

E. & E. REPORT No. I.S.9 WEA/1/250. /1892

~~TOP SECRET~~
I.S.9 (WEA)

(Applies to all BRITISH, CANADIAN, U.S. & ALLIED PERSONNEL)

EVADDED CAPTURE/ESCAPED FROM (Name of Country) HOLLAND.

For All Personnel.

1. No. 0- 757975 Rank 1/Lt Name FROLKING James E.
(U.K.: Acting, Temp. or W/S)
2. Decorations: (U.S.A.A.F.: No. of missions) Air Medal with 3 Clusters. 51 missions.
3. Were you wounded? Give details. No.
4. Ship (Navy), Unit (Army), Sqn. (Air Force) 436 Fighter Sqn.
5. Div. (Army) or Gp. (Air Force) 479 Gp. 6. Job (Pl. Comd., Rfn., etc.) Pilot.
7. Date of Birth 30 April 1924. 8. Length of Service 2 yrs.
9. Peace time occupation Student. 10. Private address 2321, SOUTH OVERLOOK RD,
CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO.
11. Did you carry any form of Identification, or photograph? Identity Discs.
12. Do you speak French, or any other foreign language? No.

FOR R.A.F. ONLY.

13. No. and location of O.T.U.
14. No. and location of Conversion Unit

FOR ALL AIR FORCE PERSONNEL AND/OR AIRBORNE OR PARACHUTE TROOPS

WHO BALE OUT

15. Post in Crew Pilot.
16. Other members of crew, and information about what has happened to them.
17. Type of aircraft, place, date, time of departure. MUSTANG D. 51 D. WATTISHAM, Nr IPSWICH.
OCT 7. 1944. 1700 hrs.
18. Where and when did you come down? HOLLAND 1/100,000 Sheet 3. 270450. 1700 hrs.
19. How did you dispose of your parachute, harness and mae west? Left in Sea.
20. Were all secret papers and equipment destroyed? Yes a/c came down in the sea.

Escape and Evasion Report No.2614

1. MISSION. I took off on the 7 OCT 44 at 1100 hrs to provide fighter escort to formations bombing Germany. The mission was successfully accomplished but on the return trip I ran out of petrol. I refuelled at ANTWERP and took off for home at about 1645 hrs.
2. Baled out in sea. Whilst crossing the coast on a bearing of 310 degrees from ANTWERP I was hit by light flak. My elevator rudder and control cables were shot away and I lost control of the aircraft. At about 5,000 ft I baled out and landed on a sandbank mid-way between the two islands of North BEVELAND and SCHOUWEN.
3. Seen by Mustang Pilot. Another MUSTANG Pilot had seen me land in the sea and he circled me whilst I waited for Air Sea Rescue to appear. This aircraft circled me for about an hour before he finally disappeared.
4. OCT 8th. I waited in my dinghy on the sandbank until about 1100 hrs the following morning, hoping that "Air Sea Rescue" would appear. Eventually I decided to make for the nearest island which was N. BEVELAND. After drifting and paddling for approx 2 1/2 hrs I landed at approx. 220400.
5. Help. I walked a short distance to a farmhouse, declared my identity to the farmer, and asked him for directions. He took me in, gave me food and dried my clothes. I stayed in this house for the night, and until 1900 hrs on the 9th OCT when I started to walk for KORTGEM 275360, which I understood was occupied by the British. There were so many roads that I never found the village and eventually found myself at CAMPERLAND 205385. I slept in the fields under a haycart for the night.
6. 10th OCT. The next day I declared myself to the farmer on whose land I had slept. The farmer took me into the house and some half an hour later at about 0730 hrs another man was brought to me. From this point my journey was arranged.

APPENDIX "B" TO E. & E. REPORT No. I.S.9 WEA/1/259./189²

List of all military information which you observed or were told while evading. Give fullest possible details. (Airfields, troop encampments, coastal and interior defences, A.A. batteries, radar installations, troop movements, results of Allied bombing, location of enemy factories and ammunition dumps, enemy and civilian morale, etc., etc.).

No. C- 757975 Rank 1/Lt Name FROLKING James H.

Date of interview 1 NOV 44

N.B.—It is of the utmost importance that when giving information on the above subjects you state clearly:—

- (1) Date, time and place where you obtained the information.
- (2) Was it the result of personal observation or a report by someone else?
- (3) If not from personal observation who was the source (i.e., waiter, farm labourer, hearsay, cafe rumour, etc.), and how accurate do you estimate the source to be?

Map Used: HOLLAND 1/100,000 Sheet 3.

1. Flying Bombs. Launched from Island of SCHOUWEN
(Personal observation & Dutch Civilians
16 OCT 44)

To: G.S.I. (a) HQ FIRST CDN ARMY.
G.S.I. (b) " " " "
I.O. 84 Gp., R.A.F.

Evaluation of informant's credibility.

Key.

- 1.—Reliable.
- 2.—Credible.
- 3.—Questionable.
- 4.—Undetermined.

1. Reliable.

2614

38

~~TOP SECRET~~
I.S.9 (WEA)

APPENDIX "C" TO E. & E. REPORT No. I.S.9 WEA/1/250./189

If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that its source should not be divulged.

No. 0- 757975 Rank 1/Lt Name PROLKE James H.

Date of Interview ~~1 NOVEMBER 1944~~ 1 NOVEMBER 1944.

Map Used: HOLLAND 1/100,000 Sheet 3.

1. 10 OCT 44. The farmer at CALPERLAND (205385) introduced me to a Carpenter, who told me to wait. He returned at 18.00 hrs with civilian clothes and written instructions in English.
2. Farmer & Policeman. We set off on bicycles and arrived at a large farmhouse some 2 Kms S.W. of KATS (Approx 328360). The carpenter left me here and handed me over to the farmer and a member of the Dutch Police who spoke English.
The farmers name was:
VAN DER MAAS.
The friend's name , who spoke English, was:
WILLEM DE VOR,
THE CORNER HOUSE,
KORTGENE.
VAN DER MAAS hid me in his house for approx 12 days. I remained hidden upstairs without the knowledge of the servant or the small son.
3. 22 OCT. On the SATURDAY night (^{21st} 22nd OCT) I left for the home of VAN DER MAAS' father as the house where I was staying was to be thoroughly cleaned and we did not want to let the servants into the secret. I stayed with Mr VAN DER MAAS (senior) until the THURSDAY night (26 OCT) On the 26th OCT I returned to the home of the son for a further 3 days.
4. Contact CDNS. At approx mid-day on the 30th I heard the CDNS had occupied the peninsula apposite KORTGENE. The Germans seemed to have already evacuated to the NORTH, and I was taken by the Free Dutch by motor launch from KORTGENE to where the CDNS were on the opposite pier at 280350.

399

No. 0-757975 Rank 1/Lt Name FROLKING James H.

Unit 436 Fighter Sqn, 479 Fighter Gp. U.S.A.A.F.

Suggestions for improvement of escape equipment and training come largely from those who make use of them. Your report and comments will help others to evade or escape capture.

1. AIDS BOXES.

- (a) Did you use your aids box ? Yes.
- (b) If not, why not ? -
- (c) If you used it, state briefly when and where Throughout the whole of my evasion.
- (d) What did you use ? Razor. Sweets. Compass.
- (e) Did any of the items prove unsatisfactory ? No.
- (f) How did you finally dispose of the box ? Taken by Dutch.
- (g) Can you suggest any way in which the contents of the aids box might be changed, to make it of greater use, bearing in mind that it cannot be larger ?
Include more Razor Blades. Suggest language card could be more comprehensive.

2. PURSE.

- (a) Did you carry a purse ? Yes. If not, why not ?
State colour of purse Brown.
- (b) Did you use it ? No.
- (c) If so which of the items in it were used ? Maps ? Yes.
Compass ? Yes. File ? No.
Foreign currency No. State countries and amounts used ?
What was it spent for ? Given to Dutch.
- (d) How did you dispose of : Maps Taken by Dutch. File
Compass Taken by Dutch. Surplus currency Taken by Dutch.

Note: All money in Purse was French currency.

3. Were you issued any extra compasses or further aids to evasion ?

4. PASSPORT SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Did you carry any passport size photographs ? If so, how many ? 9. 3 Full face. 3 Each Profile.
Did you use them ? No.

5. LECTURES.

- (a) Were you lectured on evasion and escape ? State where, when, and by whom if possible ?
COXHILL, YORKS. MAY 1944. Also by own I.O.
- (b) Did you find the lectures of value Yes.
- (c) Do you have any suggestions based on your experience which will help other evaders and escapers ?
Officers of Dutch Police cannot be trusted. Ordinary policeman prove helpful

(40)

RESTRICTED

WAR DEPARTMENT
The Adjutant General's Office, Washington

AG 383.6 (31 Jul 43) OB-S-B-M

6 August 1943

KLS/el-2B-939 Pentagon

SUBJECT : Amended Instructions Concerning Publicity in Connection with Escaped Prisoners of War, to include Evaders of Capture in Enemy or Enemy-Occupied Territory and Internees in Neutral Countries.

TO : The Commanding Generals,
Army Ground :
Army Air Forces :
The Commander-in-Chief, Southwest Pacific Area :
The Commanding Generals,
Theaters of Operations :
Defense Commands :
Departments :
Base Commands :
The Commanding Officers,
Base Commands :
Director, Bureau of Public Relations.



1. Publication or communication to any unauthorized persons of experiences of escape or evasion from enemy-occupied territory, internment in a neutral country, or release from internment not only furnishes useful information to the enemy but also jeopardizes future escapes, evasions and releases.
2. Personnel will not, unless authorized by the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, War Department General Staff, publish in any form whatever or communicate either directly, or indirectly, to the press, radio or an unauthorized person any account of escape or evasion of capture from enemy or enemy-occupied territory, or internment in a neutral country either before or after repatriation. They will be held strictly responsible for all statements contained in communications to friends which may subsequently be published in the press or otherwise.
3. Evaders, escapees, or internees shall not be interrogated on the circumstances of their experiences in escape, evasion or internment except by the agency designated by the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, War Department General Staff, or the corresponding organization in overseas theaters of operations. In allied or neutral countries, American Military Attaches are authorized to interrogate on escape, evasion and internment matters.
4. Should the services of escaped prisoners of war, evaders, or internees be deemed necessary for lecturing and briefing such services will be under the direct supervision of the agency designated by the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, War Department General Staff, or the corresponding organization in overseas theaters of operations.
5. Commanding Officers will be responsible for instructing all evaders, escapees, and internees in the provisions of this directive which supersedes letter, AG 383.6 (5 Nov. 42) OB-S-B-M, 7 November 1942, subject : Instructions concerning Publicity in Connection with Escaped Prisoners of War and other previous instructions on this subject.

By order of the Secretary of War :

/s/ J. A. ULIO
J. A. ULIO
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

1. Information about your escape or your evasion from capture *would be useful to the enemy* and a danger to your friends. It is therefore **SECRET**.
2. a You must therefore not disclose, except to the first Military Attache to whom you report, or to an officer designated by the Commanding General of the Theater of Operations, or by A. C. of S., G-2, W.D.
 - (1) The names of those who helped you.
 - (2) The method by which you escaped or evaded.
 - (3) The route you followed.
 - (4) Any other facts concerning your experience.
- b You must be particularly on your guard with persons representing the press.
- c You must give no account of your experiences in books, newspapers, periodicals or in broadcasts or in lectures.
- d You must give no information to anyone, irrespective of nationality, in letters or in conversation, except as specifically directed in Par. 4.
- e No lectures or reports are to be given to any unit without the permission of A. C. of S., G-2, W. D., or corresponding organization in the theater.

CERTIFICATE

I have read the above and certify that I will comply with it.

I understand that any information concerning my *escape* or *evasion* from capture is **SECRET** and must not be disclosed to anyone other than the agency designated by A. C. of S., G-2, War Department, the corresponding organization in overseas theaters of operations, or to the Military Attache in a neutral country to whom I first report. I understand that disclosure to anyone else will make me liable to disciplinary action.

Name (Print) JAMES E FROTHING. Signed James E Frothing
Rank 1st LT. A. S. NO 757975 Dated 15 November 1944
Unit 436 Inf Reg Sqn 479 Grp Witness P. E. DeLoat Capt R11

RESTRICTED

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

SYMBOLS

DL=Day Letter

NL=Night Letter

LC=Deferred Cable

NLT=Cable Night Letter

Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

NC276 INTL=SANS ORIGINE VIA WU CABLES 31 NOV 13 PM 6 51

MLT MRS W B NEEDS:

DUPLICATE OF TELEPHONED TELEGRAM

2321 SOUTH OVERLOOK RD CLEVELAND HEIGHTS (OH) 10

I'M COMING HOME WONT WRITE WILL PHONE FROM NEWYORK HOPE TO BE HOME IN A MONTH ALL MY LOVE=

JIM FROLKINS.

C 1153

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

CDU99 INTL=CD SANSORIGINE VIA WUCABLES (71 74 137)

EFM MRS WILFORD B NEEDS=

DUPLICATE OF TELEPHONED TELEGRAM

2321 SO OVERLOOK RD CLEVELAND HEIGHTS OHIO=

NOV 6 PM 12 23

ALL WELL AND SAFE PLEASE DONT WORRY HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON

JAMES E FROLKINS.

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

WM15

NOV 15 11 10 53

WMUA 35 16 GOVT= WUX WASHINGTON DC 15 1044A

MRS FLORENCE C NEEDS=

2321 SOUTH OVERLOOK ROAD CLEVELAND HEIGHTS OHIO=

I AM PLEASED TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON FIRST LIEUTENANT JAMES E FROLKING RETURNED TO DUTY=

DUNLOP ACTING THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

HW 11⁰⁷ A. Mail. C 1153

2614

No. 43

~~SECRET~~

ADVANCE HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES STRATEGIC AIR FORCES IN EUROPE
APO 633
Office of the Commanding General

.....
: SECRET :
: Auth CG USSTAF :
: Init JS :
: Date 11/3/44 :
:.....

300.1

SUBJECT: Orders.

TO : Personnel Concerned.

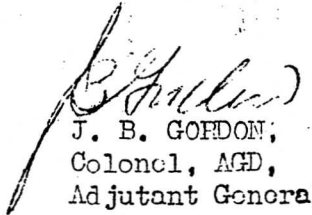
11/3/44
(Date)

1. PAC in confidential instructions of CG, US Strategic Air Forces in Europe, APO 633, the following O and FM WP with the least possible delay to the UK, reporting upon arrival to Dir of Int, Hq, US Strategic Air Forces in Europe, APO 633, for dy.

1st Lt. Frolking, J. E. 0-757975

2. The above named O and FM having recently returned from a MIA status have been identified insofar as possible thru interrogation by IS-9 (WEA) G-2 SHAFF in accordance with security regulations.

By command of Lieutenant General SPAATZ:


J. B. GORDON;
Colonel, AGD,
Adjutant General.

1. James E. Frolking 1st Lt. O-757975 Pilot 436th Ftr. Sq. 479th Ftr. Gp.
 (Name) (Rank) (ASN) (Flight Rating) (Org.-Last)

2. MEDICAL HISTORY SUMMARY: (Here include all instances of hospitalization, removal from flying status, etc., with dates, diagnoses, LOD, and disposition.)

None

3. REASON FOR RETURN TO THE ZONE OF INTERIOR: (If because of completed operational tour, so state with date. If case of operational fatigue, give date diagnosis made and details. If not operational fatigue, so state.)

Completed Operational Tour 7 October 1944

4. FLIGHT STATUS: (Here include statement whether or not on flying status. If not, explain fully).

Flying Status


5. DATE OF LAST FLIGHT. 7 October 1944

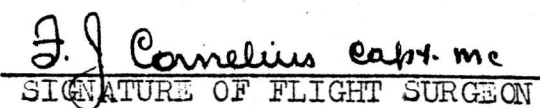
6. MEDICAL BOARD FINDINGS: (If individual has appeared before a medical board, give findings and date when findings were reached.)

None

7. In what State is it desired to spend Leave or Furlough?

Ohio


 SIGNATURE OF CO


 SIGNATURE OF FLIGHT SURGEON

MISSION	F.O.	DATE	TYPE OF MISSION	COMBAT TIME	REMARKS
12	Nep. 6	6-6-44	Patrol	3:20	F-377 to FRENCH COAST
14	Nep. 14	6-7-44	Patrol	3:15	F-377 to CHERBOURG
17	Nep. 25	6-8-44	Patrol	3:25	F-377 to LE HAVRE
18	Nep. 27	6-9-44	Patrol	1:45	F-377 to FRENCH COAST
19	Nep. 29	6-10-44	Patrol	3:20	F-377 to CHERBOURG
21	Nep. 37	6-11-44	Patrol	4:05	F-377 to EASTBOURNE
24	Nep. 45	6-13-44	Patrol	3:30	F-377 to FRENCH COAST
25	Nep. 48	6-14-44	Patrol	4:10	F-377 to FRENCH COAST
26	Nep. 51	6-14-44	Patrol	4:05	F-377 to FRENCH COAST
28	Nep. 57	6-15-44	Patrol	4:20	F-377 to FRENCH COAST
34	398	6-19-44	Bomber Escort	4:45	F-377 to GRANDCAMP-VIRE
35	402	6-20-44	Bomber Escort	1:55	F-377 to HESDORF-HANOVER
36	407	6-21-44	Bomber Escort	5:30	F-377 to HAMBURG-BREMEN-BERLIN
37	411	6-22-44	Fighter-Bomber	3:20	F-377 to CHAUNY-REIMS
39	415	6-24-44	Bomber Escort	5:05	F-377 to BREMEN-CUXHAVEN
41	418	6-25-44	Bomber Escort	2:30	F-377 to CONNANTRE-TROYES-SENS
43	421	6-26-44	Bomber Escort	4:40	F-377 to LEBACH
44	422	6-29-44	Bomber Escort	4:40	F-377 to WAFENHOLZ-HANOVER
46	427	7-4-44	Bomber Escort	1:50	F-377 to SAUMUR
47	429	7-4-44	Bomber Escort	4:35	F-377 to SAINTES/NANTES
51	436	7-7-44	Bomber Escort	4:35	F-377 to NORTHEIM
53	441	7-11-44	Bomber Escort	5:05	F-377 to DIJON AREA
54	442	7-12-44	Bomber Escort	5:20	F-377 to SCHWEIGHAUSEN
55	444	7-13-44	Bomber Escort	1:50	F-377 to METZ AREA
65	468	7-27-44	Strafing	2:45	F-377 to EAST OF TROYES
67	470	7-29-44	Bomber Escort	5:35	F-377 to SONDRSHAUSEN
68	472	7-31-44	Bomber Escort	4:25	F-377 to BUCHENBEUREN
72	478	8-4-44	Bomber Escort	4:50	F-377 to KIEL
74	487	8-6-44	Bomber Escort	5:10	F-377 to HAMBURG
75	490	8-7-44	Patrol Sweep	4:50	F-377 to MEAUX/MELUNS/ CHALONS/VITRY
77	496	8-9-44	Bomber Escort	4:25	F-377 to TRIER
79	498	8-10-44	Strafing	3:25	F-377 to VESOUL (FRANCE)
80	504	8-11-44	Patrol Sweep	4:20	F-377 to LORIENT/BREST
86	511D	8-13-44	Fighter-Bomber	1:15	F-377 to ST. QUENTIN
87	513	8-14-44	Fighter-Bomber	3:30	F-377 to TROYES
89	518	8-16-44	Bomber Escort	5:05	F-377 to HALBERSTADT
90	519	8-17-44	Strafing	5:15	F-377 to DIJON AREA
96	535	8-27-44	Bomber Escort	5:50	F-377 to WILHELMSHAVEN
98	539	8-28-44	Fighter-Bomber	3:10	F-377 to EINDHOVEN
99	540	8-29-44	Fighter-Bomber	4:05	F-377 to NAMUR
101	548	9-3-44	Fighter-Bomber	3:45	F-377 to BREST
102	550	9-5-44	Strafing	5:50	F-377 to FRIEDBERG/MERSHAUSEN AIRDROMES
104	555	9-6-44	Strafing	3:55	F-377 to KOBLENZ/BINGEN
110	576	9-17-44	Fighter Sweep	3:15	F-377 to SW. ARNHEM
111	578	9-18-44	Bomber Escort	4:50	F-377 to NE EINDHOVEN
112	580	9-20-44	Strafing	3:45	F-377 to ZWOLLE
117	591	9-28-44	Bomber Escort	4:20	F-377 to MAGDEBURG
118	592	9-30-44	Bomber Escort	1:30	F-377 to HAMM
122	599	10-6-44	Bomber Escort	6:05	F-377 to BERLIN
123	600	10-7-44	Bomber Escort	6:00	F-377 to BRUX

Awards / Decorations

Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC)
 Air Medal with 4 Oak Leaf Clusters
 French Croix De Guerre with Palm
 8th Air Force Unit Citation
 European Service Medal
 American Service Medal
 World War II Victory Medal

TOTAL COMBAT MISSIONS THIS TOUR...52
 TOTAL COMBAT HOURS THIS TOUR.....207:40
 TOTAL CLAIMS THIS TOUR:

ONE (1) FW190 DAMAGED (AIR)
 ONE (1) FW190 DESTROYED (GROUND)
 ONE (1) FW190 DAMAGED (GROUND)

z. L. J. v. d. MAAS

TELEFOON 217

GIRO 298544

KATS

Kats,

6 juni

1946

Dear James

Here you have a letter from Holland, from Kats. Many times we speak of our airman who was hidden with us and then we should like to know how he is doing and if whether he is already out of military service. We hope with all our heart that you have survived the war unhurt.

Maybe you have already forgotten those three weeks that you were hidden with us James.

For you as a war-flier these weeks were undoubtedly very tedious and still, we suppose. But for us it was an event that we shall not forget easily; we were glad to be able to do it for you and for our country.

We thought it a great pity that you left so unexpectedly but we were very pleased for you and with our liberation.

Our little boy (Huib), now already a large one of eight years old, should have

liked to see you very much, but when he was at last allowed to, the bird had already left!

James, we should like to receive back a small letter, how you are doing. We hope all is good with you.

All three of us are in splendid condition, also my parents at Kortgene where you also were a few days.

Hoping to receive an answer to this letter very soon,

with kind regards,

Mary, Izak and Huijje van der Maas

Address:

J. L. J. van der Maas
Annapolder 115
Kats
Zeeland.

„E.N.S.I.“

TELEGRAM-ADRES: „ENSI“

TELEFOON 229 (K 2952)

POSTREKENING 92766

GEBR. HAAFKENS

Codes:

Bentley, A.B.C. 5th. Ed.

Bentley Phrase

HUIZEN (Holland) November 29, 1947.

Kon. Wilhelminaplein 7

AFD. LBW/Vr./Br.

(Bij beantwoording aanhalens.v.p.)

Mr. James Frolking,
2321 So. Overlook Road,
CLEVELAND, Ohio.
USA.

My dear James,

I visited Izak and Marie the other day and learned from them your address. It is already a very long time ago that I have written to you or have seen you. I do hope that you are doing very well and have settled down in civilian life.

I still remember the many hours we spent talking about many problems when you were at Noord-Beveland. I only visit this island now and again to see some of the old friends including of course the family van der Maas. As a matter of fact the population of Noord-Beveland is still very glad that she was able to give shelter to one of the pilots of the American Airforce.

You will have wondered what has happened to me. It is rather a long time story but I shall try to make it short. After you went away I spent some time with the Dutch Underground Movement in its post-war struggle for better conditions in former occupied Holland. As I did not agree with many of the things that happened at that time I decided to volunteer for agent of the Dutch Intelligence Service in order to be parachuted in the Northern Part of Holland which at that time was still occupied. As a consequence of this I was sent over for training to England with the Special Forces. I have enjoyed my stay in England very well. I went over there in February 1945 and stayed in the U.K. till August 1945. It was not possible for me to finish my training in time so that I could go into operation. We were asked to finish our training and that is the reason why I stayed in England till the end of August. At that time the Jap-capitulation came about and we were asked to do more or less the same job in Indonesia. I volunteered again for this and together with 38 other officers we were sent out to British India in order to go from there to the Dutch East Indies. When we arrived about mid-September in Ceylon we were told that we could not go further as a result of the internal troubles in Java and Sumatra. We then had to wait for about four months without doing anything what-so-ever. At the end of this period we were free to go back to England again where at that time our H.Q. still was. So I went back again to England and stayed there till my demobilisation in April 1946. Any way it has been a very interesting time and I have seen quite a lot at Government expenditure without having any risks. I have been very lucky too because most of my fellow-officers from before the war are still in the Army and only because we had been with the S.F. we were in a position to get our demobilisation.

After my demob I went into business with two other friends of mine and we have been able to develop quite an interesting business in the export - and import-line.

Our main business is in the Agricultural machinery line and we are a.o. the sole-agents for some American firms as well. I think business-life is very interesting and have no regret what-so-ever that I embarked upon this what I like to call new adventure.

This is in a nut-shell how I have been doing.
I am interested to learn what you are doing now ? Have you left the Airforce I suppose ?

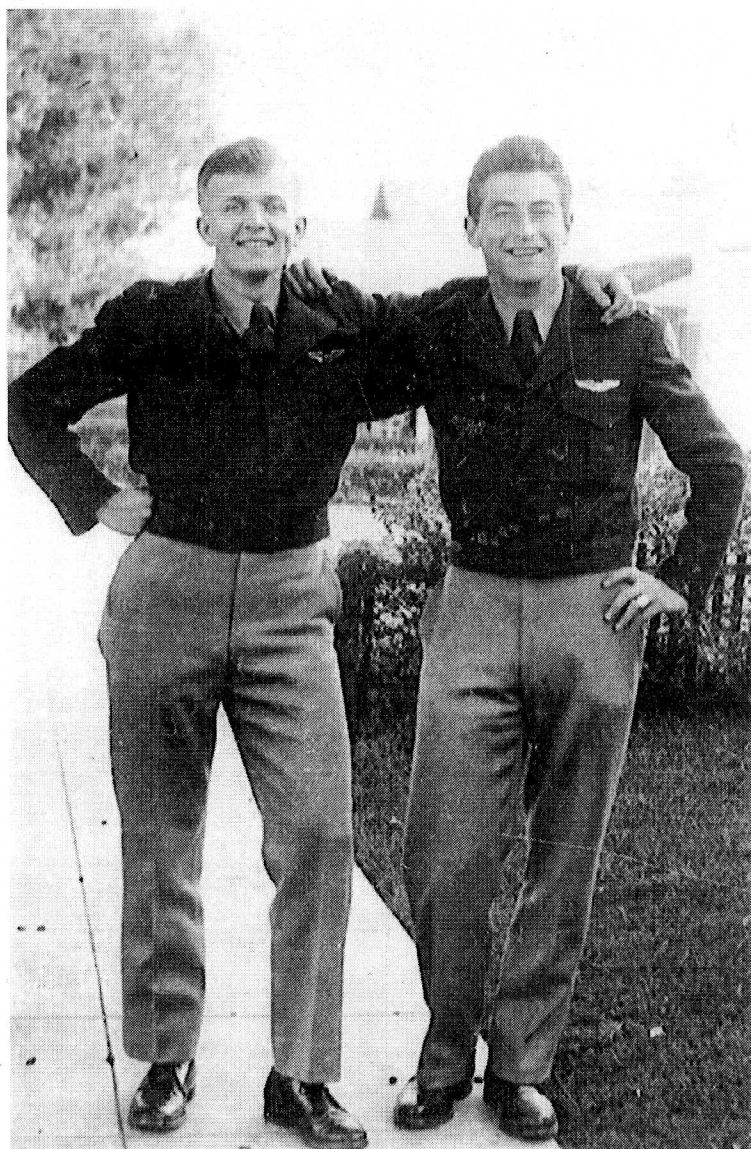
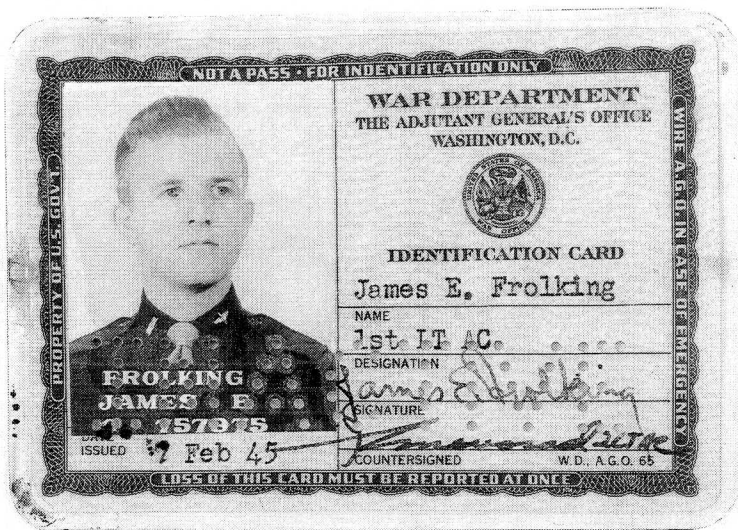
I shall be very pleased to hear from you while I remain with my best wishes,

Yours

Wim de Voer

— (Wim de Voer)

Wim de Voer
Wim de Voer



Jim and Ed Fillipow
Long Beach, California
March, 1944

Pilot's Ready Room - 436th Fighter Squadron



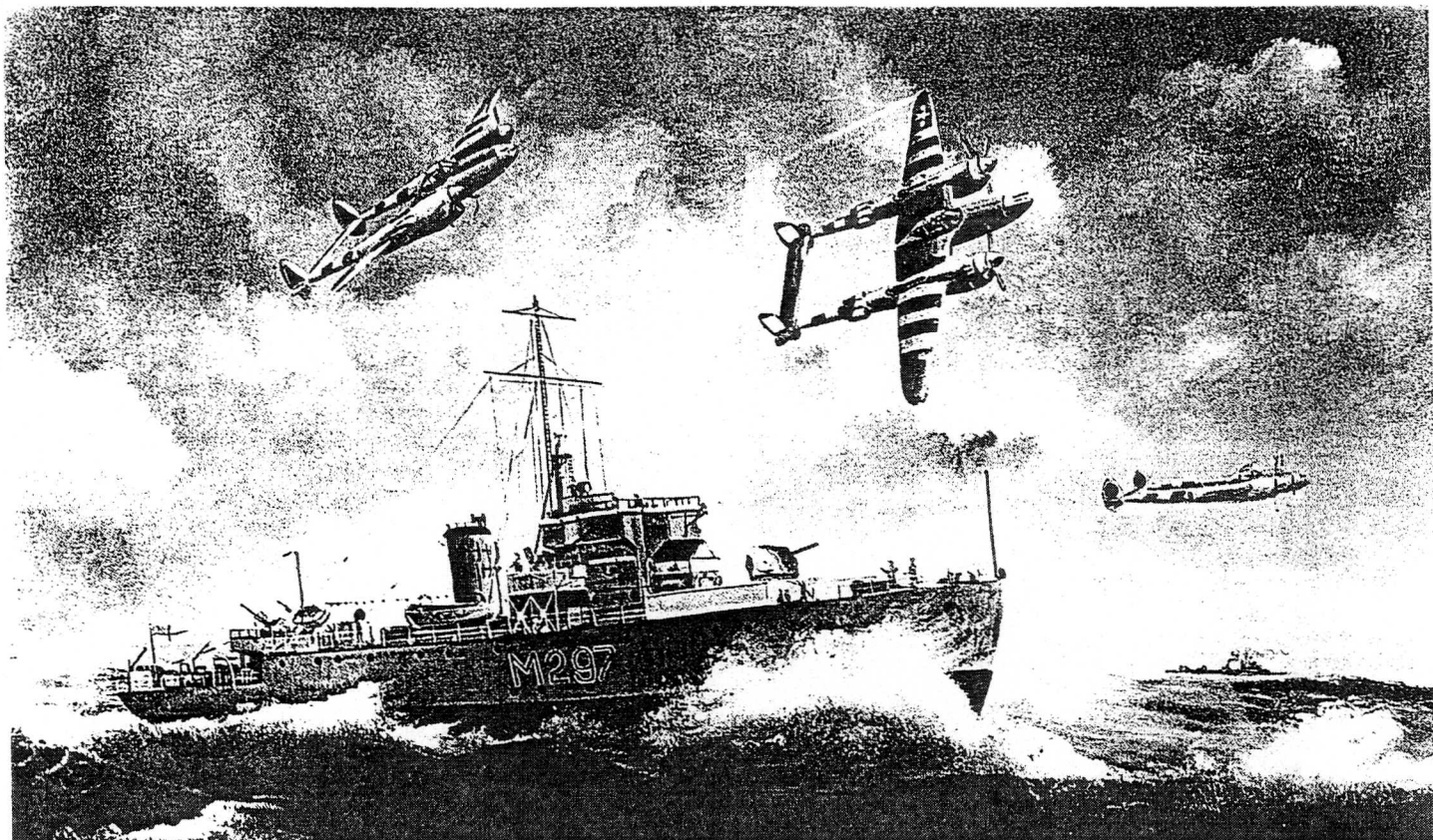


th AF NEWS

VOLUME 94, NUMBER 2

- Voice of "The Mighty Eighth" -

May 1994



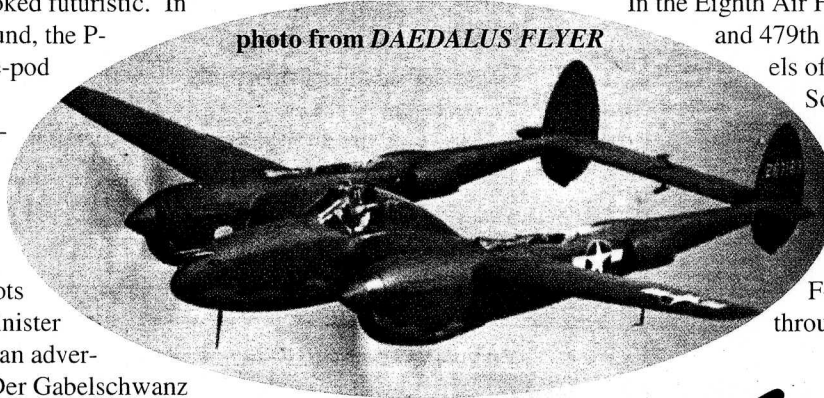
AIRCRAFT OF THE EIGHTH: P-38 LIGHTNING

by: Rusty Bloxom Chief Historian - 8AF Heritage Museum

To 1940s eyes, it looked futuristic. In the air or on the ground, the P-38 Lightning's triple-pod fuselage, the twin engines, and the concentrated arsenal in the nose all conveyed a sense of barely constrained menace. Enemy pilots learned to hate the sinister silhouette. Its German adversaries christened it Der Gabelschwanz Teufel: The Fork-Tailed Devil.

Lockheed's P-38 Lightning first flew on January 27, 1939 and made an immediate impression on the Army Air Forces. The twin-engine fighter sported an unorthodox design, with its engines mounted in two outrigger booms that also formed the tail. The pilot sat in a central control pod that carried a lethal collection of four .50 caliber machine guns and a 20mm cannon. The armament fired in a devastating concentrated mass, and the aircraft's turbo-supercharged Allison engines could push its spare frame to 414 miles per hour. The P-38 could climb to over 40,000 feet and had a range of 350 miles with drop tanks carried under its wings. The Lightning was also an effective ground-attack aircraft when bombs were substituted for the extra fuel. In the hands of a skilled pilot, the P-38 was as deadly a weapon as any during World War II. In spite of its light, open-frame appearance, the Lightning was the heaviest day fighter flown by the USAAF during the War, and it could absorb a great deal of damage and bring its pilot home. Its two engines gave the pilot an extra safety advantage, since the plane could fly on one engine if the other was disabled. The Lightning was fast and nimble, and its tightly-packed guns delivered a massive amount of ordnance on a target. P-38 pilots were able to rack up an impressive kill record. In the Pacific, America's top-scoring ace of the War, Dick Bong, shot down 40 Japanese aircraft in his P-38 named "Marge."

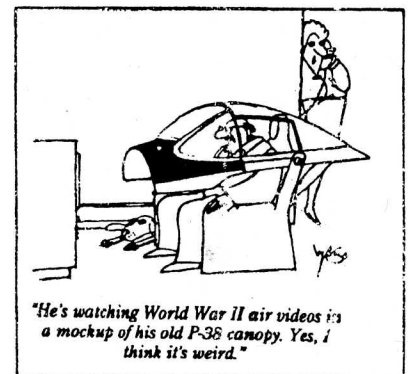
photo from DAEDALUS FLYER



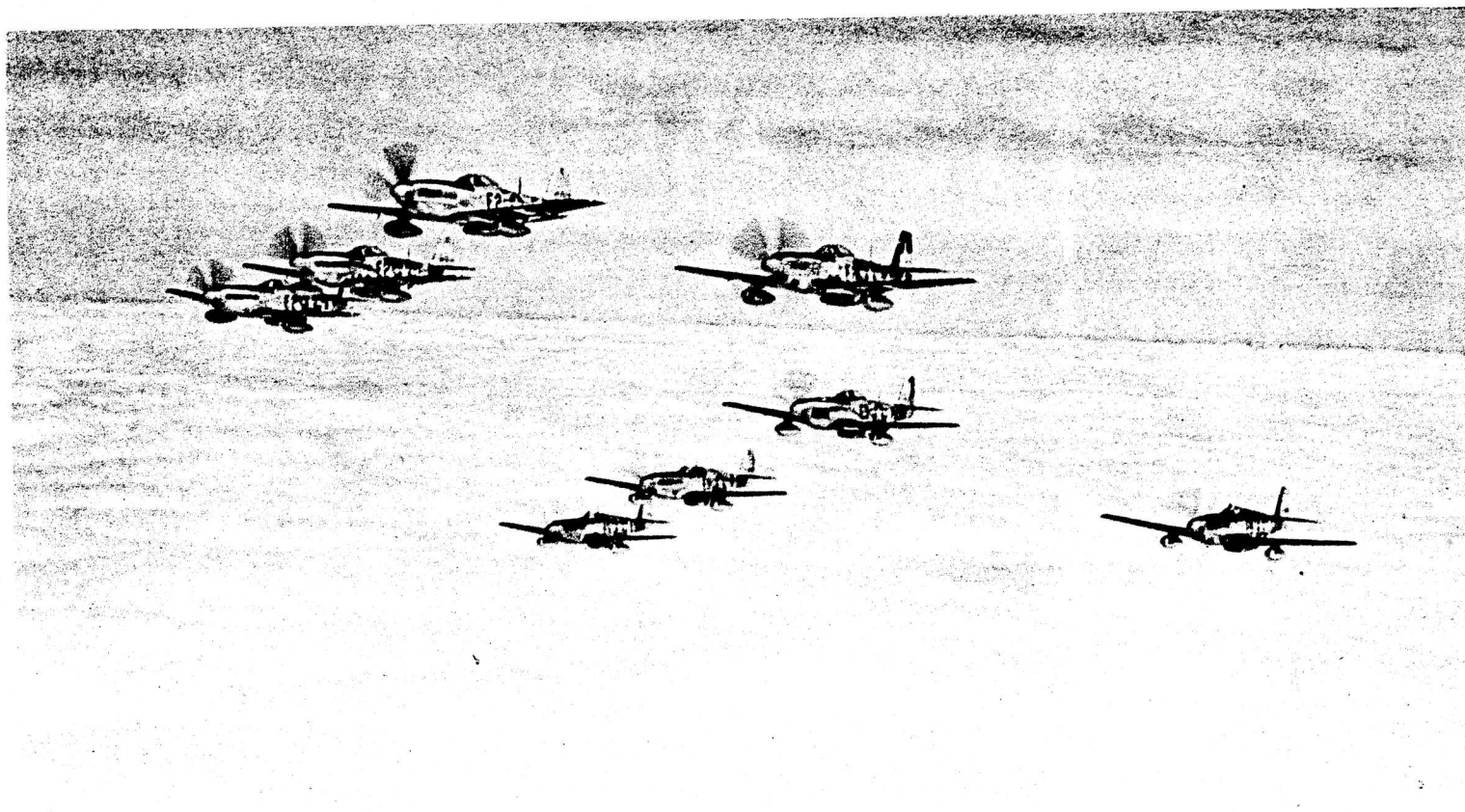
In the Eighth Air Force, the 20th, 55th, 78th, 364th, and 479th Fighter Groups flew different models of the P-38 during their combat tours. Some of these were modified as fighter-bomber leaders called "Droop Snoots," with a cramped bombardier's position in the nose. The 7th Photographic Group (Reconnaissance) flew the unarmed F-5 camera version of the P-38 throughout the War on vital aerial pho-



tography missions. The fighter groups had great success in aerial combat and in ground strikes with the Fork-Tailed Devil until the P-38 were replaced with the longer-ranged North American P-51 Mustang in the summer of 1944. The P-38 soldiered on in other theaters and air forces until the surrender of Japan in September 1945.

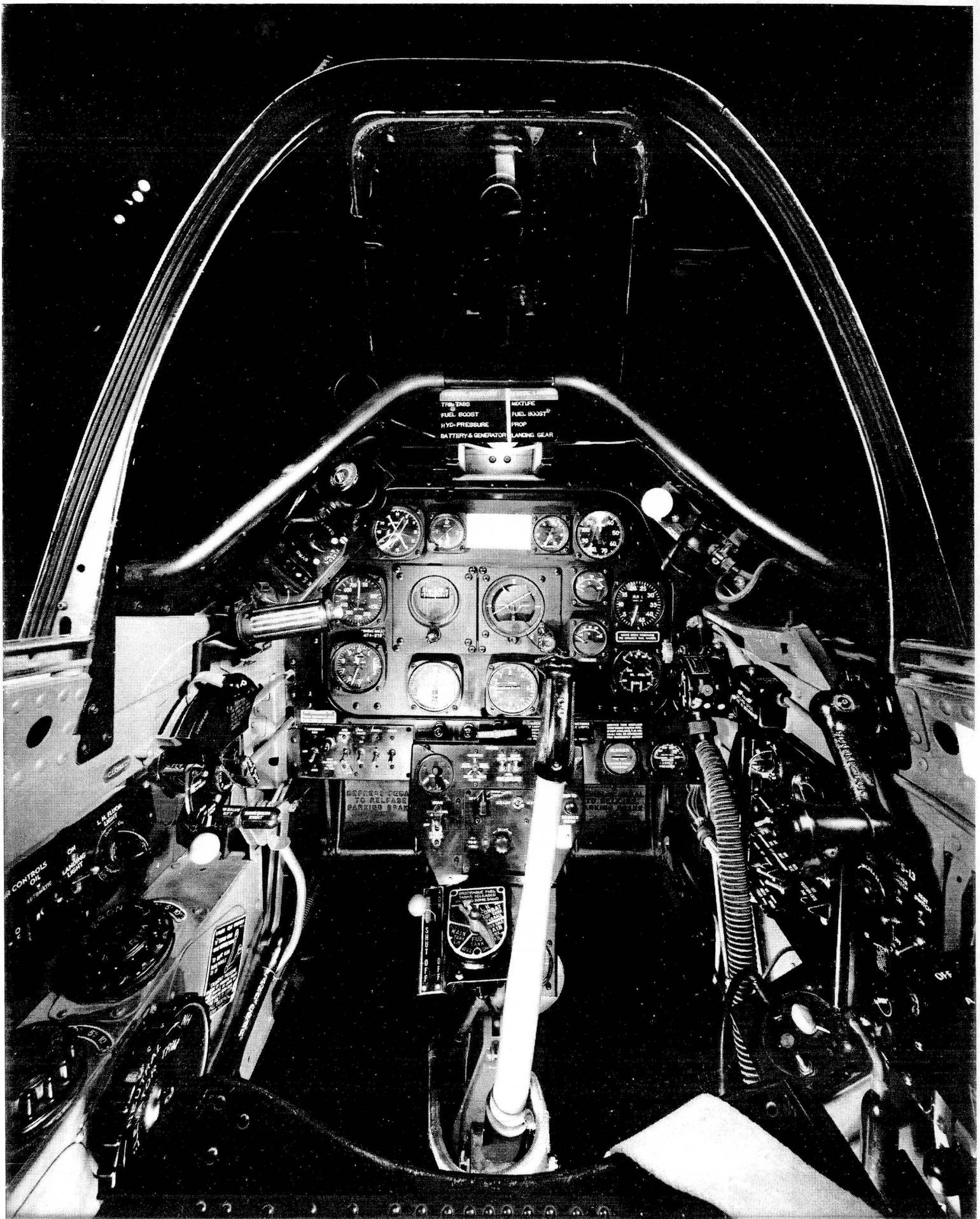


.....



P-51 MUSTANG

The P-51 was recognized as the best fighter aircraft of World War II. As the 8th Air Force bombers penetrated deep into Hitler's Germany, it was the Mustang that was capable of escorting the B-17's and B-24's all the way to the target and back to England. No other fighter plane could fly as high, go so far, and still take on enemy fighters in combat or targets of opportunity on the ground. The P-51 also packed a powerful punch with its six .50 caliber machine guns - three mounted in each wing. The Mustang's contribution to the Allied victory was considerable in that it became the prime aircraft in attaining air superiority over enemy territory.



Cockpit- P-51 Mustang

D-DAY JUNE 6, 1944
By: Stephen E. Ambrose

Chapter 13 - "The Greatest Show Ever Staged"
The Air Bombardment

Excerpt from page 248:

..."At the top of the elite world of the Allied air forces stood the fighter pilots. Young, cocky, skilled, veteran warriors - in a mass war fought by millions, the fighter pilots were the only glamorous individuals left. Up there all alone in a one-on-one with a Luftwaffe fighter, one man's skill and training and machine against another's, they were the knights in shining armor of World War II.

They lived on the edge, completely in the present, but young though they were, they were intelligent enough to realize that what they were experiencing - wartime London, the Blitz, the risks - was unique and historic. It would demean them to call them star athletes, because they were much more than that, but they had some of the traits of the athlete. The most important was the lust to compete. They wanted to fly on D-Day, to engage in dogfights, to help make history."